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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, APRIL 26, 1924.—2

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(as sketch), with black suede facings and strap. Louis heel. Price 49/6 per pair.

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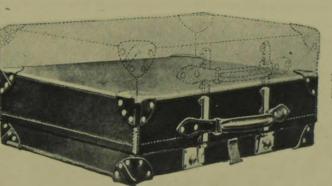
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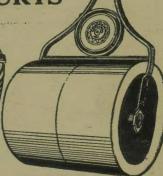
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Price of dress

wool skirt edged with artificial

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SPRING WINDS ARE KIND TO THE "LA-ROLA" GIRL,

They only make her healthy, well-nourished complexion more brilliant and attractive. Not for her those and attractive. Not for her those painful skin chafings which Spring winds bring to her less wise sisters. has learnt the secret that-

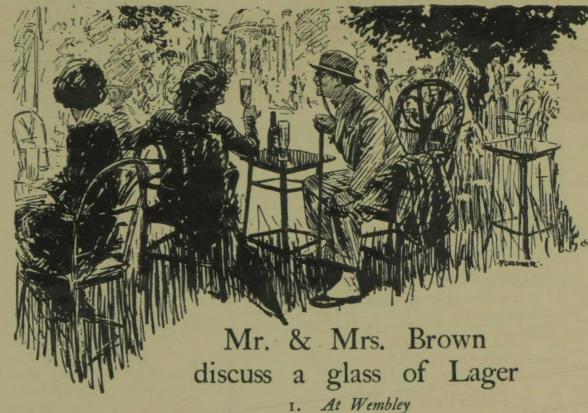
weather. Cleanses the pores of all dust and impurities, and makes the skin smooth, fresh and delightful as the Spring flowers themselves. If applied to the face is/ore motoring, it will save you all discomfort.

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"Do you know," said Henry Brown to his wife, as he ordered two glasses of Barclay's Lager, "do you know that nine-tenths of the beer consumed throughout the world

is Lager Beer?"

Henry Brown often comes out with startling facts like that; his wife declares he gets them from cigarette-cards.

Mrs. Brown was too tired and thirsty just then to make any intelligible reply. But when the foaming glass of sunlit amber had done its pleasant task-

"Well," she said, "if the rest of the nine-tenths is as good as this, I think the world's very sensible."

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"Yes, let's suppose," said Mrs. Brown eagerly.

And they did suppose; and what they supposed you will read in the next fascinating instalment of this powerful serial.

(To be continued)

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SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1924.

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ONE OF THE GREATEST ACTRESSES OF HER TIME: THE LATE ELEONORA DUSE.

Signora Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, died on April 21, in Pittsburgh, where she had recently been appearing during a tour in the United States. She was the daughter of poor travelling players, Alexandro and Angelica Duse, and was born in a railway carriage near Venice on October 3, 1859. When she was twenty years old, she came to the front as leading lady of Rossi's company, acting then chiefly in Turin, where she first met Sarah Bernhardt. Later she

came under the influence of Gabriele D'Annunzio, and adopted a more classic and restrained style of acting, which made her less popular in Italy, but increased her fame abroad. Her art was marked by extraordinary versatility, and she was as delightful in light comedy as she was superb in tragic roles. Herexpressive gestures with her hands, as seen in our photograph, were a feature of her acting. Her first visit to London was in 1894, and the last in 1923.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCUITTO, GENOA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. H. G. WELLS has recently been asking why there is not more esprit de corps among intellectuals, especially of the academic and scientific sort. He gives the instance of the indifference shown by the academic world to the violent expulsion of a distinguished Spanish professor by the new Spanish dictatorship. He instances also the curious religious persecution now being conducted by Mr. Bryan and his Fundamentalists. The latter seems to have the purpose of weeding out the unfortunate Darwinians—a very ironical form of natural selection and the elimination of the unfit. Touching the more general question, I think the answer is really very simple. There cannot be a real combination of intellectuals

because of the purpose of the intellect. The purpose of the intellect is to come to conclusions, or rather to convictions. And a man cares far more for the convictions he has formed than for the mere mental instrument with which he has formed them; that is, if the man is really a man, and his mind is really a mind. I know there is a very solemn and impressive school of intellectuals who appear to have no intellects. They merely like floating about in an atmosphere of intellectualism. They worship the intellect like an idol; and all the more because it is to them an unknown god. But those who use the intellect like a tool will always prefer the product to the process. The consequence is that when they have really come to conclusions, and those conclusions divide them from other intellectuals, or unite them with other ordinary citizens who are not professedly intellectuals, their corporate enthusiasm will be for those with whom they agree, and not those with whom they differ. Nobody could illustrate this very simple principle better than Mr. H. G. Wells himself. He is a very brilliant and imaginative man of letters. Gabriele d'Annunzio is also a very brilliant and imaginative man of letters. But I do not seem to remember that Mr. H. G. Wells rushed into print to glorify the romantic raid upon Fiume, or to call all the thousand pens of Europe to rally like spears round the chivalry and the glory of a great literary man. I do not imagine that Mr. Wells thundered against the politicians or police who dared to insult with rebukes or threaten with imprisonment a man who has won fame and popularity by his pen. He was not horrified by the mere image of a policeman arresting a poet. And the reason is that, although the Englishman is a great writer and the Italian is a great writer, the mere act of writing is not quite so important as the things that they write. The Italian has used his brains and come to certain very definite conclusions about what he wants; and it is very different indeed from anything that Mr. Wells wants. And what a man wants is of considerably

more determining force in the world than the question of whether he expresses it by writing books or making speeches or throwing bombs.

Similarly, I doubt whether Mr. Wells would rush to vote for Mr. Rudyard Kipling as the Rector of a University; or even to prevent Mr. Rudyard Kipling from being rusticated or sent into academic exile. I doubt whether Mr. Wells would run a mile in order to get Mr. Belloc back into Parliament, or even to get him out of prison. And it is much more likely nowadays that Mr. Belloc would go to prison for denouncing political corruption than it ever was that Mr. Wells would go to prison for denouncing patriotism, or Mr. Kipling for denouncing peace. Yet Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc are three of the ablest living professors of the same

literary profession. Only each of them holds certain opinions; and each of them abominates the opinions of the other two. As it is with the free-lance intellectual, so it is with the academic intellectual. It is a question of the material in which men are working. It would seem that the Guild spirit, or brother-hood of the trade, flourishes best where the work expresses the simple mastery of man over matter—even when it is an artistic mastery, as in building and carving and painting. But those dealing in the actual manufacture of mind are dealing in a very explosive material. The material is not merely the clay of which man is master, but the truths or semblances of truth which have a certain mastery of

ONCE THE MOST POPULAR NOVELIST: THE LATE MISS MARIE CORELLI. Miss Marie Corelli, who died on April 21, at her home in Stratford-on-Avon, had at one time an immense vogue as a popular novelist. Her first book, "The Romance of Two Worlds," appeared in 1886, and was followed by about twenty others, including "Ardath," "Barabbas," "The Sorrows of Satan," "The Mighty Atom," "The Murder of Delicia," "The Master Christian," and "Temporal Power." She was a woman of strong prejudices and conservative instincts, and her stories consisted largely of emotional invective against the many phases of modern life that she denounced. She was born in 1864, of Italian and Scottish parentage, and was adopted by Dr. Charles Mackay, the song-writer.—[Pholograph by Central Press.]

man. The material is explosive because it must be taken seriously. The men writing books really are throwing bombs.

But the particular example of the Fundamentalists in America, which Mr. Wells mentions, is a rather curious one. Not very much has been noted about it in England; for the newspapers never give us the news. They never give us the news because it is too new. The jog-trot journalist is puzzled by the things now happening in the world, because they are not what he has always been taught to expect from the modern world. It is the business of peasants to be backward, and they are coming forward; it is the business of Latins to decay, and they have the effrontery to develop. Above all, it is the business of all theology to disappear; and we seem to be in a

world in which any theology may reappear. The nineteenth century practically decided to have no religious authority. The twentieth century, progressing further, seems disposed to have any religious authority. But the last and strangest phase is not the transitions from the world of Mr. Bradlaugh to the world of Mrs. Eddy. Christian Science at least professes to be a new religion; but the old sect seems to be challenging the new sect even in the new world. The new age in the new world is not being opened by Mrs. Eddy, but rather by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. The one thing that nobody thought would return seems to be returning, in these strange new lands—the heavy Hebraic literal forms of Puritan

religion. And one form that it takes, as I have said, is a vendetta against the dreadful heresy of Darwinism; hounding professors out of their colleges and their chairs if they so much as mention the demon name of Darwin. If anyone wants to know the deep difference between England and America, or if anyone doubts that there is such a difference, let him simply consider the fact that this extraordinary heresy-hunt by Hebraists out of the backwoods is led by a man who has been Secretary of State, the world-famous statesman and orator, Bryan. I know not how to present the contrast, except by asking the reader to imagine Lord Balfour giving away little tracts in the street, and asking people if they are saved; or Mr. Winston Churchill in the red jersey of the Salvation Army, jumping up and down and calling out "Hallelujah!"

But even that leaves untouched the most amazing and astounding fact of all. The supreme marvel is not that people should boast of being old-fashioned, and say they are still sticking to Moses; the supreme marvel is that anybody should suppose it is a new fashion to be still sticking to Darwin. It is not surprising that the old school should be old, if that is the new school's notion of being new. It is not unnatural that the rearguard of American progress should still be stuck in seventeenth-century sectarianism, if the very vanguard of it is still stuck in the very middle of Mid-Victorian science. Perhaps it would cause a slight shock in American progressive circles to say that Darwin died some little time ago. Doubtless it would cause the most horrible consternation to hint that anything has happened since. Is it not enough that the religion of the Great Republic should be still reeling from the news of something that happened in 1859, without bringing yet more breathless and rapid innovations to that land of haste and hustle? Perhaps it is better to leave America, or these portions of America, under the impression that our latest poetry is "The May Queen,"

our latest art, "The Light of the World," our latest steam-engine "Puffing Billy," and by the same process our latest science, the Darwinian Theory of Natural Selection. For the Americans are a backward people, with all the very real virtues of a backward people: the patriarchal simplicity and human dignity of a democracy, and a respect for labour uncorrupted by cynicism. But it seems a pity that they have not even heard what has happened to Darwin since the middle of the last century. It seems a pity that they should be girding themselves to resist as a revolution and an innovation what we have hardly kept up except as a convention. And it seems a pity that the poor old skeleton of the Missing Link should be laboriously burnt by theologians, when so very little of it has been left by biologists.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

In this issue we present our readers with further examples of "Anaglyphs," which may be seen in full stereoscopic relief when looked at through a mask fitted with a red film for the left eye, and a green film for the right eye. Readers who may have mislaid the red and green films given away with the first Anaglyphs (published in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete with red and green films, by filling up the coupon on page 3 of the Cover of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. We draw attention to the fact that the red and green masks issued to audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre, to witness the remarkable Shadowgraph" Illuston in "London Calling," are suitable also for viewing "OUR Anaglyphs" published in "The Illustrated London News," provided that the mask is reversed—red to left eye, green to right eye.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF TUTANKHAMEN'S SHROUDED COFFIN.

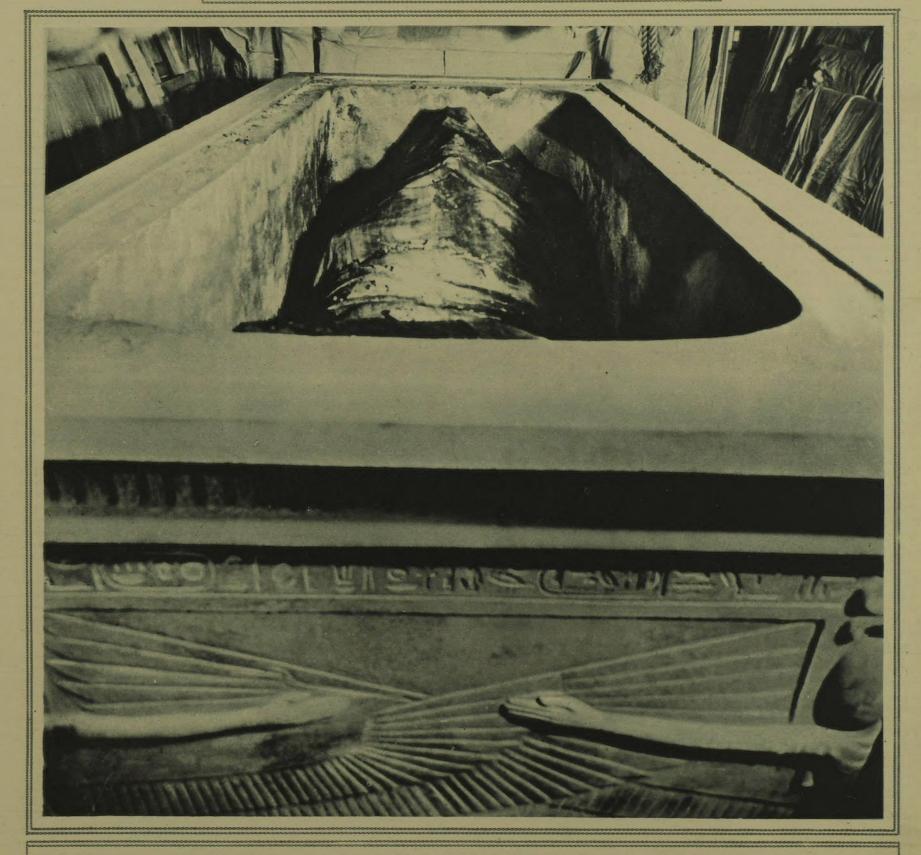
THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.

HE upper photograph is officially described as follows: "A view of the sarcophagus showing the lid, for the first time. This lid is made of granite instead of crystalline sandstone, of which the casket itself is composed. The crack through the centre will be noticed. It is believed that some accident happened to the original lid of crystalline sandstone, which was certainly made at the same time as the sarcophagus, and that this granite lid was substituted. The crack must have occurred either before or when the lid was put in position, since the fissure had been filled in, as [Continued opposite.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GRANITE LID OVER THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE SEPULCHRE OF TUTANKHAMEN: A VIEW SHOWING THE CRACK ACROSS THE LID, AND TWO OF THE PROTECTIVE GODDESSES CARVED AT THE CORNERS OF THE CASKET.

the photograph shows, with plaster, and the whole painted over to match the body of the sarcophagus. This is another illustration of the careless and hasty manner in which the work was done in the tomb. The split in the lid naturally added greatly to the difficulty of raising it." The lower photograph shows the inside of the sarcophagus after the lid was raised. and before the two shrouds had been removed from the anthropoid wooden coffin within. The dispute between Mr. Howard Carter and the Egyptian Government has delayed the expected discovery of the royal mummy.



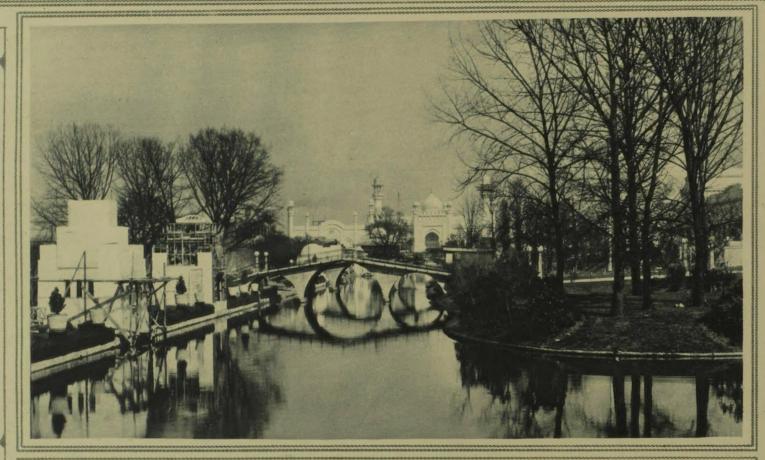
REVEALING THE SHROUDS OVER THE ANTHROPOID COFFIN FOUND WITHIN: THE INTERIOR OF TUTANKHAMEN'S SARCOPHAGUS AFTER THE RAISING OF THE LID.

REPRESENTING 78 GOVERNMENTS: THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND CAMPBELL GRAY.



A WEMBLEY PANORAMA: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE GOLD COAST BUILDINGS, WITH SQUARE TOWER AND PLAIN WALLS; THE STADIUM (THE HIGH STRUCTURE IN THE BACKGROUND); THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BUILDING (WITH NAME OVER ENTRANCE); AND THE CANADA PAVILION



ONE OF THE CHIEF GEMS OF ORIENTAL ARCHITECTURE REPRODUCED IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY: A REPLICA OF THE TAJ MAHAL (CENTRE BACKGROUND) WHICH FORMS THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE OF THE INDIA BUILDING—A PICTURESQUE VIEW FROM AN ORNAMENTAL LAKE.



WHERE EAST MEETS WEST AT WEMBLEY: THE COURTYARD OF THE TAJ MAHAL, PART OF THE PALACE OF INDIA (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND (AT THE BACK, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE STADIUM, AND THE BUILDINGS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, CANADA, AND AUSTRALIA (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AND THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING.

The vast extent and variety of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, which the King arranged to open on April 23, is indicated by the statement, made in one of the official publications, that there have co-operated in the enterprise no fewer than "78 different Governments," or, as it is put more explicitly elsewhere, "78 more or less independent national and racial entities." We illustrate here a few of the larger buildings. There has been keen and honourable rivalry between Canada and Australia, which both sent over their own architects, revised

their plans several times, and eventually erected pavilions thrice as large as was originally intended. They are each about as big as the whole of Olympia, and within they contain wonderful exhibits typifying Canadian and Australian life. In strong contrast to the modern architecture of the Dominion buildings, and the Palaces of Industry and Engineering, is the picturesque West African fortress of the Gold Coast, and the beautiful replica of the Taj Mahal which forms the great feature in the Palace of India.

THE LIGHT-RAY THAT MAY STOP WAR: ACTUAL EXPERIMENTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS, THE INVENTOR.



THE RAY IN OPERATION: (ABOVE) PUTTING A MOTOR-ENGINE OUT OF ACTION; (BELOW) EXPLODING GUNPOWDER.

Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews, whose actual experiments with his new electric light-ray are here illustrated, while their great possible developments are shown in our double-page drawing, was the principal guest on April 15 at the annual lunch of the Foreign Press Association. He said that he would shortly continue his work on a large scale in open country, and that he was confident of soon being able to transmit power over considerable distances. "It has been said," he remarked, "that armies would be wiped out in a few seconds. I am tempted to hope that it (the invention) will make war impossible." Mr. Grindell-Matthews has demonstrated before our artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, that he can at will stop the functions of the magneto of a small motor erected at the other end of his large laboratory. The little projector was directed upon the pulsating motor, which instantly commenced to falter and quickly stopped, owing to the short-circuiting of the magneto caused by the action of the invisible ray directed

upon it from the other end of the room. Even more destructive in its power is the lightning effect produced in the second illustration. Here the little projector is sending out what may be called bottled-lightning. For demonstration purposes the inventor had placed a little gunpowder in a small receptacle attached to an ordinary laboratory stand. Then with care (for he was dealing with dangerous forces), Mr. Grindell-Matthews turned his ray upon the "target." Instantly there leaped out from the hitherto invisible ray a blue flame, an exact replica in miniature of the terrible lightning of a tropical storm. In an instant there was a flash as the powder was ignited, and, though the laboratory stand had been placed on glass three inches thick, the current passed through it in a shower of blue flames, and issued from the legs of the table on which it stood. The double-page drawing illustrates the possibilities of the same principle applied to anti-aircraft defences.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A WELLS PROPHECY THAT MAY BE FULFILLED: AN INVISIBLE RAY FOR BRINGING DOWN AEROPLANES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE INVENTOR, MR. H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS.



DESTROYING AIRCRAFT "AS BY LIGHTNING": A POSSIBLE USE

Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews, the well-known electrical inventor, who during the war received £25,000 from the British Government for his system of controlling power-driven craft by a searchlight beam, has since devised, with the assistance of Mr. B. J. Lynes, a new invisible electric ray which, as he demonstrates it, instantly affects the magneto of a petrol motor, and causes it to slow down or stop, as required. This electrical beam has at the moment only been used experimentally, but the inventor claims that, with a more powerful projector, he would have no difficulty in bringing down hostile aircraft. The great projector seen in our illustration was drawn by our special artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, under the supervision of Mr. Crindell-Matthews, who also supplies the descriptive details, and shows how the new ray could become a terrible weapon of war. Attached to the outside of the projector are fitted three generators of the ray, which is directed into the box containing the apparatus for producing high potential electric current. This portion of the apparatus is a jealously guarded secret, and has been apily named by the inventor, "The Mystery Box." The ray thus produced is sent out in the form of an invisible "beam" of electricity, and can be directed, it is claimed, on any object as desired, and cannot in any way be "jammed" by anything at present

OF MR. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS' RAY-PROJECTOR INVENTION.

invented. For night work the ray can be made visible, so that it will have the double function of a searchlight and a destructive agent. In the illustration on the previous page are shown the actual tests carried out in the laboratory before our artist. In the above drawing he peeps into the future and shows one of the great projectors that may one day be made, mounted on a well-insulated platform, and destroying hostile aircraft. When the nearest hostile machine comes within range, there is suddenly a terrible flash of lightning, as if a tropical storm had suddenly burst into fury. The occupants of the machine are instantly electrocuted, the machine is set in flames by the flow of electric current that pours all over it, and instantly it goes plunging earthward a fiery wreck. The beam is swung on to the next machine within range with the same result as before. If Mr. Grindell-Matthews can succeed in producing a huge projector such as that drawn by our artist, then the awful power of this great ray will go far towards ending war, for, unless something is invented to counteract its force, it will make war impossible. It has been estimated that, if large enough ray-projectors could be made, a fifty-mile antiaircraft barrage round London could be established at an initial cost of £3,000,000.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CATHEDRALS NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND: GLORIES

By Courtesy of the Architecture Club. Photographs Taken Specially for "The Illustrated



WITH THE LONGEST ROOF AND LARGEST AREA OF ALL THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS: YORK MINSTER—A MODEL RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN LONDON



RENDERING "SUCH SUBTLE FACTORS AS THE DIVERSE CHARACTER OF THE TWIN TRANSEPTAL TOWERS": A MODEL OF EXETER CATHEDRAL







EASILY DISTINGUISHABLE IN STYLE FROM THE ENGLISH BUILDINGS:

A MODEL OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION.

INDICATING ITS DIMENSIONS IN COMPARISON WITH A MAN'S HAND: THE WONDERFUL MINIATURE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN THE EXHIBITION.



SHOWING ITS RESEMBLANCE TO LINCOLN CATHEDRAL (ABOVE) IN GENERAL DESIGN AND THE STYLE OF ITS TOWERS: A MODEL OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

These remarkable little models of famous cathedrals, lent by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, were recently on view at Groavenor House, in the second Exhibition of the Architecture Club. They are not only exquisite examples of craftsmanship, but also highly instructive to students of architecture as affording the means for studying the buildings as a whole. "We approach them," writes Mr. P. G. Konody, the well-known art critic, "from a new angle—the angle of the aeroplane flying low; we look down upon them instead of looking up! From this view the cruciform plan is manifest at once. . . The models only average from—about 12 in. to 16 in. in length; yet the patient architect who made them has rendered such subtle, factors as the diverse character of the

OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE ON A LILLIPUTIAN SCALE.

LONDON NEWS." THAT OF St. PAUL'S UNDER A HAND BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL IN MINIATURE: ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MODELS
RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT GROSVENOR HOUSE BY THE ARCHITECTURE CLUB.



THE BUILDING WHICH INSPIRED WREN IN DESIGNING ST. PAUL'S: A MODEL OF ST. PETER'S

AT ROME-MAKING IT POSSIBLE TO VISUALISE THE VAST STRUCTURE AS A WHOLF



WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN MINIATURE: A MODEL THAT AFFORDS AN EXCELLENT
MEANS OF STUDYING THE FAMILIAR BUILDING IN ITS ENTIRETY.



SHOWING THE EXQUISITE DETAIL OF ITS TOWERS, WITH THEIR DISTINCTIVE DESIGN: A MODEL OF ELY CATHEDRAL, THE PRIDE OF THE FENS.



FAMOUS FOR "THE FAIRY ELEGANCE" OF ITS TALL SPIRE: SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—A MODEL IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURE CLUB.



WITH ITS SINGLE TALL TOWER: GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL—A MODEL LENT (LIKE THE REST) BY THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF CANTERBURY.

twin transeptal towers of Exeter and the fairy elegance of Sallsbury spire. In addition to these twenty-two models of English cathedrals, there are also models of Antwerp, Cologne, Milan, Strasburg, and St. Peter's, Rome. No one, I suppose, has formed a complete concept of the vast Rome cathedral from the exterior or the colonnade; but the whole plan is obvious from this model, and we can see at once the features which Wren borrowed for St. Paul's." St. Peter's is the largest and most imposing church in the world, with an area of about 18,100 square yards, while that of St. Paul's is 9400 square yards, and that of Cologne Cathedral 7400 square yards. The interior of St. Peter's is 205 yards long, or 212 yards including the walls; that of St. Paul's is 173 yards.

USED BY COLUMBUS IN DISCOVERING AMERICA? A NEWLY FOUND MAP.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND USED BY HIM IN HIS HISTORIC VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MAP RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL LIBRARY IN PARIS.

WE illustrate on these two pages a discovery of great historical interest and importance, made the other day by M. de la Roncière, keeper of the department of printed books in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. In his view, it is nothing less than a map of the world prepared under the direction of Christopher Columbus, probably by his brother, Bartholomew, and used by the great navigator on the voyage which led to the discovery of America. To the map is attached a circular chart (as shown here on the right-hand page) showing the world in its relation to the Universe according to the ideas of Columbus and his contemporaries. The Earth is seen as a sphere in the centre of nine celestial spheres, and the continents of Europe,

Africa, and Asia form an island amid four oceans. In the map of the world itself (the square portion of the document, which measures about 2 ft. by 3 ft.), the coast lines of Africa, Europe, and Asia Minor are bordered with names. On the left, at the top, near the stamp of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the "rose," appear the islands of the Antilles, said to have been the secret goal of Columbus's expedition. In an article describing the map and its discovery, M. de la Roncière writes: "What map did Christopher Columbus use? Hitherto we have known nothing on the subject. In order to dispel all doubt, there was need of a document prior to the discovery of America. That decisive document was in existence, but so far was entirely unknown. [Continued below.]

I was completing my history of the 'Discovery of Africa in the Middle Ages,' which the King of Egypt had asked me to write for the Congress of Geography at Cairo, when my attention was attracted by a planisphere on which the name of Lake Chad figured for the first time. There was no date, no author's name.

On parchment vellum were two maps side by side; one of the world on a small scale; the other, on a large scale, of Africa and Europe. Africa extended to the Cape of Good Hope. The world map contained no trace of America and its islands. The Cape had been discovered in 1488; America was destined to be [Continued opposite.]

THE WORLD AND THE UNIVERSE AS COLUMBUS IMAGINED THEM.

LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CONTINENTAL "DAILY MAIL," SUPPLIED BY C.N.



comment on the map is as follows: "This mystic-archaic geography fell to pieces directly the great Genoese came into contact with reality. He went in search of legendary islands, and followed mirages. What he found was an unknown continent. . . . Maps made before the discovery of the New World, tedious evidence

of ideas thus superseded, were relegated to an appropriate oblivion. This explains the fate of the precious map in the Bibliothèque Nationale. But surely it does not deprive Christopher Columbus of a single ray of his glory, if we exhibit the weakness of his preconceived ideas, in view of the vast results which he achieved."



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HAZARDS AND HAPPENINGS: THE ADVENTURES OF OSSENDOWSKI.

教金学院

"MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA." By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI.*

IN the Land of Vanished Nomads, on the left bank of the Yenesei, where rode the warrior hordes of Jenghiz the Killer, Tamerlane the Lame, Goondjur the Terrible, and Amursan, "last scion of the Great Mongol," are many dolmens, grim milestones on the grassland roads.

By Black Lake twenty years ago was the grave of Abuk, the Ouigur Khan; about it sixteen columns each of a height of eight feet, runic signs on the northern stones. If there be everlasting malignity in a curse, it is there still, defiant as when the vengeful spirit of the dead, "like an autumn fog," swept across the eyes of the Tartar treasure-seekers; clouded before the Russian who desired to paint the tomb; and so ordered it that when Dr. Ossendowski took photo-

graphs as correctly as any cameraartist, the negatives were imageless. At that time the traveller was ignorant of the legend, and he noted of his experience: "The only possible hypothesis I could think of was that in the valley where the dolmen stood there might exist the rare but possible phenomenon of the interference of rays where the dead waves of light made no impression on the plates." He was to learn later. He made two snapshots and a time exposure. It was not permitted him even to develop them. Thrown from a wagon as he journeyed on, he bruised himself black and blue-and camera and contents were reduced to fragments!

That, however, was almost his sole rebuff. Surely, never before did Adventure so advance to meet the seeker; surely, never before were Man and Nature so prodigal of curious gifts.

Szira-Kul, the Bitter Lake, perishing into resemblance of the Dead Sea, made the first offerings. From a cavern cut in the ruddy rocks of Kizill - Kaya by the scouring sand from the Gobi emerged three prisonbreakers, true "Siberian tramps," each with his axe and his fortune in his sack, and one of them carrying " a special winter disguise which consisted of a large mantle of white linen. The moment that he discovered anyone far away in pursuit, he immediately lay down on the snow and covered himself and his belongings with the white mantle, making, himself one with the dead white wilderness." That was Hak, and he it was who supplied a knife-as a conjurer would a rabbit! Dr. Ossendowski writes: "'A knife?' said Hak. 'I can give it to you.' Saying this, he put his hand to his naked hip, and right at the place where the abdomen joins the hip, he laid back a fold of I saw a little aperture in which Hak put two fingers, taking from it a long, thin knife, protected by a highly polished wooden guard along the edge, and a diminutive file. This habitual criminal had a pocket made in his own skin! 'We old convicts almost always undergo this

operation,' declared Hak, with a significant smile. 'It is impossible to avoid it! To escape from prison one must cut the bars, and sometimes the fetters as well. And we have to have weapons in our fights with the gaoler or the soldiers pursuing us.'"

After that came the salt Lake Shunet, exhibiting "an immense tarantula spider walking with its long hairy legs on the water without breaking the surface, although, as this bent slightly under the spider, it was travelling very carefully."

Then the Tiger Country; the White Swans who were the Koreans destined to be ambushed and shot by Cossacks preying upon their packs of gold-dust, panti, ginseng, amber, mushrooms, river pearls, sables, ermine and marten skins; the beating of trees to net sables frightened into the branches by the chow-chow dogs; the hunting of tigers whose hearts and livers are coveted by Chinese sorcerers as talismans against beasts of prey and fatal illnesses, and whose nails and teeth are valued as amulets; and the Mongolian nomad tribe, the Golds, who hang

their birch-bark-encased dead from the branches of the oak.

These things with many others strange and to be chronicled. First, perhaps, the "she-cat" and food. "'If a pair of tigers are hunting for food and come across a white man, a Chinese and a dog together, they will first attack the dog, then the Chinese, and only afterwards the white man. The tigers do not like European flesh,' added Kudiakoff laughingly. 'Obviously it is not tasty as it is soaked in alcohol! It has happened that a tiger, after mortally wounding a Russian, has gone away and left him; but it will pick the bones of a Chinese as we do those of a chicken.'" Then the tents full of men, women, and children dead of trade vodka,

PROBABLY THE FIRST MOUTH-ORGAN ORCHESTRA TO PLAY IN A CHURCH:

AN UNUSUAL ITEM AT A CHARITY CONCERT IN BERLIN.

This mouth-organ orchestra, which is apparently well known in Berlin, is shown playing in a charity concert there, held in St. Jacob's Church. The conductor is Arthur Matquard. It was probably the first occasion on which an orchestra of mouth-organs has ever been heard in a church.

Photograph by Phot thek.

"our Russian crime," as a priest had it when he said: "It is a simple matter to deluge them with alcohol. It is the conventional way of bartering with the nomads. Under this system the Orochons have long since become drunkards and will sell their souls to the devil for a glass of vodka. Such was the case with these poor creatures. They probably sold their goods and came here with their vodka to spend the winter. During one of their holidays they have drunk until the cold and wind caught them in their stupor and finished them. The fires go out and with them their lives."

'Next: the Banished Island, Sakhalin, dumpingplace for the worst criminals of Russia. In those days of twenty years ago, Dr. Ossendowski heard terrible tales. One punishment was whipping. "The condemned received from 15 to 300 strokes with willow rods boiled before use in sea-water. The fifteenth stroke was supposed always to cut the skin and draw blood. If no blood appeared, the official overseeing the execution accused the executioner of indulgence, and sentenced him to a beating. The sticks lacerated and tore the skin and flesh from the back and feet of the victim as he lay stretched on a bench. When he fainted he was taken to the hospital, where his wounds were allowed to heal a little; and, if he had not received the number of strokes to which he was sentenced, the whipping was finished in a second instalment during which death often ensued."

Also, migrating fish: "I remained for twenty-four hours by a little lake.... a smaller lake lay but 300 yards from the first and was practically only a puddle overgrown with grass and bulrushes. When I approached it, it resembled an artificial store of living fish, for its surface was never calm, being broken constantly by the swirls and circles of the swarms of finny creatures. While walking at dawn between the lake and this pond, I saw something moving in the high grass, and shouted loudly

to frighten the animal or bird, but nothing appeared. Then I carefully searched the grass, and to my astonishment and amazement I discovered a big pike wriggling along through the tall dew-soaked grass in the direction of the pond, whither he was evidently attracted by the quantity of food. That same evening after sundown I saw a second pike returning to the big lake, satiated to the point where it could not swallow the last fish whose tail protruded from its mouth."

And the Ainos, the primitive natives of Sakhalin and of the northern islands of Japan, "with a great deal of hair on the head, face and breast," hunters and fishermen and, occasionally, tillers of the soil and rearers of cattle—with them the Black Monk, the saviour of drowning souls, whose lantern was at once a guide and a hope. He clinked as he moved. He explained: "I have the verigi on me, chains which cross the back and end at the waist with a heavy lock, and I wear a horsehair shirt. I do it to mortify my body."

Finally, in the Shadow of the Great Altai, curious hunting of wolves. Suliman Awdzaroff, the Kirghiz, handed the Doctor "a strange-looking whip with a long stock and a short, strongbraided lash, with a heavy lead ball firmly fastened to the end of it. 'My companions will beat the wolves from the covert,' he said, ' and make them run out into the prairie. Our horses are fleet, and we shall overtake the wolves and kill them with the whips, kunak.' So it was. I marvelled at the cleverness of my mount, as, without waiting for any indications from me, it wheeled and changed direction to the best advantage, ever racing faster and always to the left of the pursued wolf to facilitate the rider's blow. . . . I rose in the stirrups and struck with all my might. The wolf gave a yelp and stumbled slightly but in a flash was off again at even faster speed. Once more that race for life between horse and wolf, and, when we again overtook it, I struck a second blow, but this time not at random, aiming at the head. After a few more jumps the wolf stumbled, fell forward,

raised itself again for a few more leaps, until I struck with all my might the blow that stopped his career of sheep-stealing for ever."

"Curiouser and curiouser"; yet such things, after all, are not the most gripping of the episodes of the book. These are to be found in the stories, the Grand Guignol-ish stories, of wild humanity—the escaped convicts, the "executioners" under sentence of death pronounced by all who knew them, the forced cannibalism of criminals wandering the wastes and the woods, the orgies and the death-game of the once infamous Tiger Club of the shores of Possiet Bay, the tale of the brigand One Eye, the Tiger Men, conquistadores of the Ussurian forest, the hunter who was drunk enough to kill three tigers with three shots, Andrew Bolotoff the Avenger, and, especially, the sinister priest of the suicide chapel, who could pray the peasant to such frenzy that he would cut his throat by the deal table that was the altar, giving "blood for the sins of the world." Well may the publisher speak of a "powerful and fascinating narrative," and of "the amazing hazards and the strange experiences, the mysterious happenings and the breathless escapes." Dr. Ossendowski justifies all the adjectives.

"Man and Mystery in Asia." By Ferdinand Ossendowski, Author of "Beasts, Men and Gods"; in Collaboration with Lewis Stanton Palen. (Edward Arnold; 148, net.)

A NEW FORM OF PORTRAITURE: RZEWUSKI'S "LADY MICHELHAM."

FROM THE PAINTING BY COUNT RZEWUSKI. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



AS PRINCESSE LOINTAINE AT THE COMTESSE DE BEAUMONT'S BAL COSTUMÉ IN PARIS : LADY MICHELHAM—BY COUNT RZEWUSKI, THE WELL-KNOWN POLISH ARTIST.

This charming picture by Count Alex Rzewuski, the well-known Polish artist, shows Lady Michelham in the character of Princesse Lointaine, as she appeared at the Comtesse de Beaumont's wonderful Bal Costumé in Paris. The work of Count Rzewuski, who has made a great success as a fashionable portrait-painter, has been represented

recently in the pages of the "Sketch" by some delightful dry-point portraits, including one of Lady Michelham herself, as well as by a striking picture in colour of an Orientalised Diana. Lady Michelham is the wife of Lord Michelham, the second Baron, and a daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Capel, of Paris. Her marriage took place in 1919.

"NESTING TIME" TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF THROUGH THE ANAGLYPH-MASK.

These Reproductions will Appear in Full Stereuscopic Relief when Looked at either through the Red and Green Films given away with our March 8 Issue or through the special Amount Vision Mach which we subfive the electric.



SO REAL AS TO MAKE THE SPECTATOR AFRAID OF DISTURBING HER:

A TREE PIPIT ON HER NEST, AMONGST WILD HYACINTHS



LOOKING AS IF THEY COULD BE PICKED UP: EGGS OF A GREENFINCH IN THE NEST, BUILT IN A YEW TREE.



BUILT IN A LOLE IN THE GROUND: THE NEST AND EGGS OF A ROCK PIPIT.



COMFORTABLY SETTLED IN HER MOSSY NEST AMONG YEW BRANCHES: A HEN CHAFFINCH.



WAITING FOR MOTHER: FOUR YOUNG MEADOW PIPITS IN THE NEST.



"WHAT WAS THAT?" A HEN LINNET LOOKING ROUND AS THOUGH SURPRISED.



WITH NEST MATERIAL IN ITS BEAK: A



AT HOME IN HER HEATHER BOWER: A HEN MERLIN ON HER NEST.

We give here some further examples of the remarkable Anaglyphs which have aroused so much interest since the first series was published in our issue of March 8. The photographs must be looked at through the special Anaglyph viewing-mask, with a red film for the left eye and a green film for the right eye. They will then be seen to stand out in stereoscopic relief, with wonderfully lite-like effect. The spectator feels, in looking at them, that any slight movement might disturb

the birds shown sitting on their nests, and cause them to fly away, or that the eggs in other pictures might fall out of the nest if the photograph were shaken. Readers may obtain a viewing-mask, if they have not already done so, by filling up the Coupon printed on Cover 3 of the present number, and forwarding it, with stamps to the value of three-halipence (Inland), or twopence-halipenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

SINCE ON THE WING AGAIN: BRITISH WORLD-FLIERS "DOWN" IN CORFU.



WHERE THEY MADE A FORCED LANDING AFTER "TERRIFIC VIBRATIONS IN THE ENGINE": THE VICKERS-NAPIER "VULTURE" AMPHIBIAN MOORED ON LAKE KORISSIA, CORFU-SHOWING A FERRY PUNT CONVEYING ONE OF THE CREW BACK TO THE MACHINE.



BESIDE THEIR IMPROVISED TENT OF BLANKETS AT A SPOT TEN MILES FROM THE NEAREST VILLAGE: (L. TO R.) FLYING-OFFICER W. N. PLENDERLEITH (PILOT), SERGEANT R. ANDREWS, AND THE ENGINEER SENT OUT BY MESSRS. NAPIER WITH SPARE PARTS.

The British world-flight expedition, which had been waiting in Corfu for a new engine since their forced landing there on March 30, cabled on April 16 that they hoped to leave for Athens the next day, their machine having been towed round to Corfu (the town) by a British destroyer, and the new engine duly installed. They left England on March 25, and flew by way of Lyons, Civita Vecchia, Rome, and Brindisi, encountering very bad weather. Describing their experiences on arriving over Corfu, Squadron-Leader A. Stuart MacLaren, the chief of the party, said: "There was terrific vibration in the engine. We shut off, planed down, and made an excellent landing on Lake Korissia. We were lucky to have a lake

within reach, as the sea was very rough. The strong wind drifted us inshore, but the machine grounded 100 yards off in 2 feet of water. I waded ashore and walked ten miles to the nearest village to find telegraphic facilities, but only found a bad telephone. I communicated with the British Consul at Corfu. I returned to the machine with boiled eggs, black bread, and wine. The crew were asleep, but woke up for a meal. . . All of us slept in the machine that night." On hearing of the mishap, Messrs. Napier at once despatched a skilled engineer with all spare parts likely to be required; but later it was decided to send out a complete new engine.

Ritual in Hand = Gesture: Balinese Mudras.

By TYRA DE KLEEN, Author of "The Temple Dances of Bali."

ST. JOHN'S Gospel begins: "In the beginning was the Word . . . "; but who can tell whether the gesture was not still older than the word; whether, as a means of expression, the language of the hands has not even more ancient traditions than the spoken language?

It is certain that in all ancient rituals the handgesture played a great part. In the Orient these



WITH HIS GENITRI (ROSARY) OF PREPARED FRUIT STONES: AN OLD BUDDHIST PRIEST OF BALL IN A RITUAL POSE.

ritual hand-movements have developed into the so-called mudras.

Mudra is a Sanscrit word which means "seal." Originally the hand-poses of the priests imitated Sanscrit characters, and accompanied the pronouncing of certain words or syllables, being supposed to produce a magic effect. With the initiates they developed into a complicated and secret language, or rather, languages, for they took different forms in different countries—Tibet, India, Japan, and so on.

One place where this ritual language of mudras has attained a remarkably high development, and has been left unspoilt by missionaries and other influences, is the little island of Bali, in the East Indian archipelago.

The most important persons among the Balinese are their priests, the so-called pedandas. Some of these call themselves Buddha-priests, and some of them Shiva-priests. In Bali, however, Buddhism and Shivaism differ very little from each other, both having assumed peculiar forms in that island, different from what these religions were when they were brought over by the Hindus many centuries ago.

The people of Bali honour and worship their pedandas almost as if they were superhuman beings, but they know nothing at all about their mysteries. They still cling to the Malay-Polynesian animism, which existed in Bali before the Hindu period. They worship the good or evil spirits who animate everything in nature. Besides the magnificent temples to Buddha and Shiva, the people erect all over their island altars and little nature-temples to the deva of each mountain, river, lake or tree, and bring offerings to them. They are a very devout people, and some form of religion enters into everything they undertake in daily life.

The two religions—that of the serious pedandas and that of the childish and playful population—are shown side by side in peaceful and respectful harmony at their temple festivals, to which the latter as well as the former devote a great part of their lives. As the Balinese are a happy and healthy people, they know well how to combine two good things—the service of the devas and their own amusement. They could not have more enjoyment than they have at their templefestivals. Religious as the Balinese are, they do not believe at all in asceticism, self-torture, and that sort of thing, found in other parts of the Orient. On the contrary, they want to make everything as nice as possible, both for themselves and others. Every day is a "Sunday"; and there is constantly some occasion

for a temple festival in one part of the island or another. The men, women, and children thereupon gather together, all adorned in their most gorgeous sarongs, and with fresh flowers, or gold-leaf flowers, in their hair. They arrive in long processions, skilfully balancing on their heads high pyramids of offerings, arranged as little works of art. For these offerings to the devas, the people reserve all the very best they have of rice, fruit, meat, cakes, and other delicacies. The most beautiful flowers give the finishing touch to the appetising pyramids, besides countless ornaments carved from palm-leaves. As the devas are souls without any bodies, they naturally can accept only the souls of the offerings, and they have no use for their material part. Therefore, it often happens that, when the temple festival is over and the gods have eaten the soul of the rice, fruit, cakes and meat, the people take back their delicacies and make a so-called slamatan—that is, a great common feastmeal-on what the gods have left over. At these slamatans they amuse themselves immensely, while at the same time it is a sort of sacrament to eat the offering-food dedicated to the devas.

Sacred dances and plays, performed in the temple courtyards, form a prominent feature in these religious

The people kneel in front of the pedanda, performing the sembayan (salaam-gesture), while receiving the holy water, which he sprinkles on them. Even the tiny naked babies, wearing nothing but flowers on their heads, kneel in the same way, doing their sembayan.

While the people thus enjoy themselves, forming picturesque groups, the ringing of a brass bell, the murmuring of a half-singing voice, and the scent of incense attracts attention to where some earnest pedanda is "reading his maveda," which means reciting his mantras or vedas in a corrupted Sanscrit. Dressed in white linen, and with a crimson mitre on his head, he sits like a statue, on a roofed erection specially made for the purpose and belonging to the complex of buildings of which a temple consists. His crossed legs, his body, his head with half-shut eyes, remain motionless, while only his arms and hands are moving as they form one mudra after another, with complicated manual acrobatics.

A European observer has to get rid of our anatomical prejudices to be able really to believe in these fantastic figures formed by long, slim hands with double-jointed fingers, able to move in all directions. The left hand is often decorated with nails allowed to grow for the whole of life without being cut. Every mudra has its secret symbolical meaning and its own magic power.

Arrayed in front of the pedanda on dishes or on a little altar-table are his different ritual attributesbrass bell, censer, little burning oil-lamp, chalice, rosary, and a heap of fresh temple flowers, just the blooms without stalks. Many of the mudras are performed with a flower between the fingers, and as the mudra is finished the flower is flicked away; so that, while the maveda proceeds, the floor round the pedanda becomes all strewn with flowers.

The mudras, although they have always formed an essential part of Eastern, and especially Buddhistic, ritual, have hardly ever been studied by any European, probably owing to the great difficulty in persuading the initiates to unveil their sacred secrets. A few books and articles have been written about the mudras represented on Buddha statues and on sculpture and frescoes of Indain temples. In "The Mirror of Gesture," published by Coomeraswami, some handposes in rituals and temple dances are described. The Musée Guimet in 1899 published one volume by L. de Milloni on Buddhistic mudras in Japan. That is about all the literature which exists on mudras. There has been no comparative study.

When I tried to approach the Balinese pedandas in order to study their mudras, I at first found the best of them extremely reserved, and in other cases directly hostile. The frank kindness and friendly hospitality, otherwise so typical of the Balinese people, changed into the contrary as soon as they suspected my intentions. After some unsuccessful efforts I asked the Raja, who had always proved to be a very polite and amiable man, to assist me by making his priests pose for me for some sketches of mudras. He did so; one Buddha priest and one Shiva priest used to pose alternately for me in the Raja's palace. Presently, however, I discovered that what they showed me was intentionally wrong, and so I destroyed my studies done from them. Repeated attempts with other priests in other places had more or less the same results.

Later, I met a native district chief, who belonged to the Brahman caste and had many relatives among pedandas, and he undertook to help me. Through him I gradually made friends with several high priests, and this time I was careful not to show myself too curious. On the contrary, I aroused their curiosity

about Christian symbols, ritual, and churches. It seemed to interest them enormously when I told them, as far as my knowledge in the Balinese language allowed it, about such things in Europe, especially descriptions of Rome, its churches, and Catholic ceremonies. I illustrated my tales with drawings of Italian priests, with their vestments and emblems, altars, crosses, church interiors and exteriors, and so on. The Balinese priests used to come to me for long and friendly interviews, during which they asked no end of curious questions, and they began also to tell me more and more about their own. Finally, we came to be on such terms that they no longer made any secrets, and even willingly posed for me without trying to deceive me, and I filled some sketch-books with their mudras. To find out the right meaning of them proved to be more difficult, as with most of the mudras this is known only by the highest initiates among the pedandas. The rest of them do their mudras auto-

But after this good start in the right direction, I soon got a still better opportunity to go on with my mudra studies. I met a Dutch Government official, Mr. P. de Kat Angelino, who had lived in Bali for eight years, knew the Balinese language thoroughly, and also knew his Balinese people very well and was exceptionally popular among them. He and his wife invited me to come and stay with them in a place called Gianjar, in a part of Bali where there was no other accommodation for travellers. Mr. de Kat helped me in every way to procure the best imaginable priest models, among whom was an old Buddha pedanda of original character who used to go into religious trances and ecstasies. Two prominent native friends of Mr. de Kat's living in the neighbourhoodnamely, the ruler of Gianjar and the Pungava (district chief) of Ubut-also helped us greatly, by procuring willing models and giving valuable information. Mr. de Kat became more and more interested in the subject, and finally he undertook the writing about it, while I concentrated on making the pictures. Through his good relations with the Balinese and the confidence they had in him, he got them to answer his questions, and even to lend him their secret priest books and manuscripts. Thus he had the opportunity of studying the subject of mudras more closely than



DIPPING A FLOWER INTO A CHALICE OF HOLY WATER: A BUDDHIST PRIEST OF BALL PERFORMING A MUDRA (SYMBOLIC HAND-MOVEMENT).

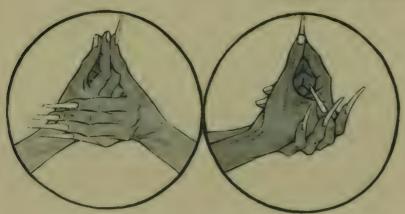
After the recital of a certain formula, the flower is flicked away. Many mudras are performed with flowers, and the ground or temple floor round the priest becomes gradually strewn with discarded blossoms. The Buddhist priests of Bali always wear flowers stuck over their ears.

any European has done before in any place where

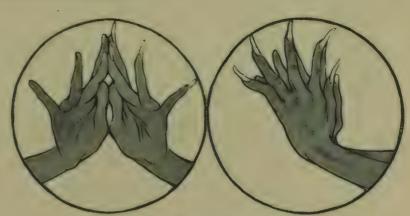
In other parts of the world much of the old ritual gestures has disappeared, yielding to various interfering influences; but this little island, in its peaceful isolation and with its many sanctuaries, still clings to its ancient forms of sacred tradition with respectful conservatism.

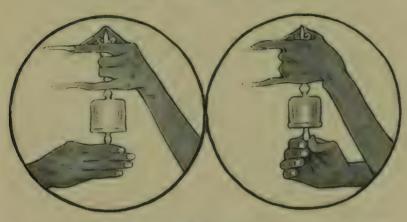
RITUAL MUDRAS OF BALI: HAND GESTURES IN SACRED SYMBOLISM.

DRAWINGS BY TYRA DE KLEEN. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

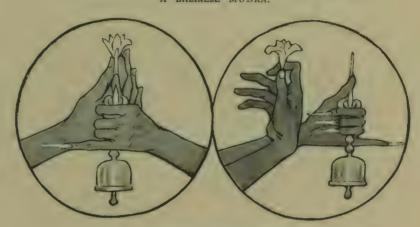


I. THREE FINGERS JOINED TO SYMBOLISE THE TRINITY OF BRAHMA, VISHNU, AND SIVA: THE "MUSTI."

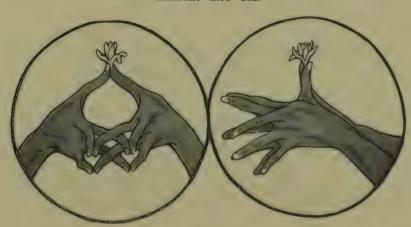




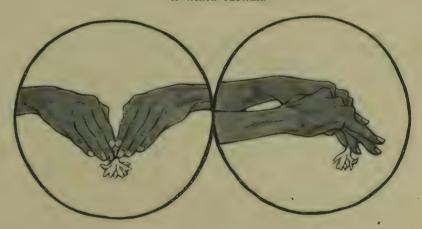
3. A MUDRA SHOWING THE BRASS BELL AT THE MOMENT OF BEING BROUGHT INTO USE.



4. A MUDRA PERFORMED WITH THE BRASS BELL AND A WHITE FLOWER.



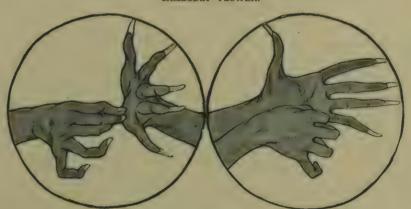
5. A BALINESE MUDRA PERFORMED WITH THE SACRED CAMBODIA FLOWER.



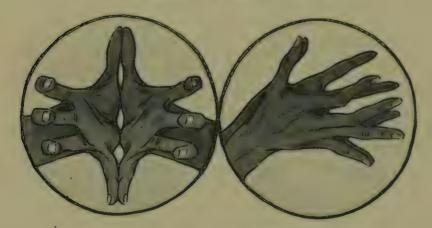
6. ANOTHER MUDRA PERFORMED WITH THE SACRED CAMBODIA FLOWER.



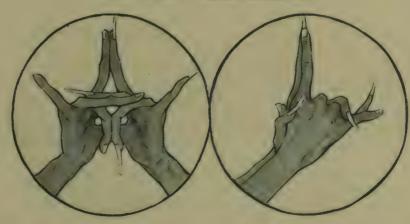
7. WITH THE LEFT HAND NAILS LONG: A MUDRA WHERE THE PRIEST TOUCHES HIMSELF WITH SANCTIFIED POWDER.



8. A MUDRA TO DRIVE OUT OF THE PRIEST'S BODY EVIL AND IMPURITY: MANUAL ACROBATICS.



9. THE MUDRA OF THE OPENING LOTUS—THE SOUL OPENING
TO RECEIVE SIVA.



10. ANOTHER TYPICAL MUDRA (HAND-GESTURE) OF BALINESE BUDDHIST RITUAL.

In her notes Miss de Kleen gives fuller details of some of the *mudras* shown above and explained in her article opposite. Thus, No. 1 is "the only *mudra* alike for Buddha and Siva. All the rest are distinct. Its name is *musti*. The joining of the three fingers means the *trimurti* (trinity) of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva." In No. 7, "The *pedanda* (priest) takes some sanctified powder in his left hand, dips one finger of the right into

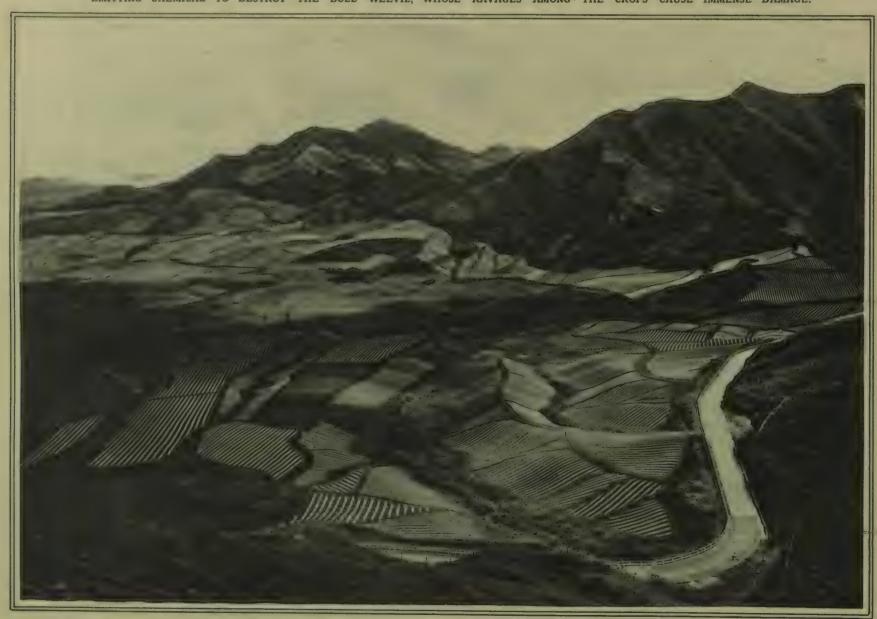
it, and touches himself in four places, corresponding to the four points of the compass—the forehead, back of neck, and two shoulders. This might have some common origin with the Sign of the Cross." In No. 8, "The pedanda (for the body of the congregation) drives out of his own body all impurity and evil through the finger-tips, stroking with two fingers of one hand along the fingers of the other hand, and vice versa."

NOVEL AGRICULTURE: ANTI-INSECT AIRCRAFT; PINEAPPLES UNDER PAPER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FLEET AGENCY AND WILLIAMS STUDIOS (HONOLULU).



TRAILING CLOUDS OF CHEMICAL DUST LIKE A SMOKE-SCREEN: AN AMERICAN ARMY AEROPLANE FLYING LOW OVER A COTTON FIELD,
EMITTING CHEMICAL TO DESTROY THE BOLL WEEVIL, WHOSE RAVAGES AMONG THE CROPS CAUSE IMMENSE DAMAGE.



STRIPED WITH ENORMOUS RIBBONS OF SPECIALLY TREATED PAPER PROTECTING THE YOUNG PLANTS—A METHOD SAID TO HAVE INCREASED THEIR GROWTH BY ONE QUARTER: GREAT PINEAPPLE PLANTATIONS IN HAWAII—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE PALI OF HONOLULU.

Two remarkable phases of tropical agriculture are illustrated here. The upper photograph shows a United States war aeroplane at work in a Southern State, spreading chemical dust on a cotton field to kill the boil weevil, which does tremendous damage to the American cotton crops, amounting to many million pounds a year. The experiments are said to have been very successful. A similar use of aeroplanes (by the Ohio Department of Agriculture) for the purpose of spraying orchards with arsenate of lead as an insect-killer, was illustrated in our issue of April 15, 1922. The lower photograph shows the curious appearance of a Hawaiian pineapple plantation, due to methods of growing which are thus

described by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor in the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington): "Frequently, when a field is to be planted in pineapples, enormous ribbons of heavy paper are spread upon the ground in parallel lines, with only a narrow space between them. The young plants are set out in holes cut in the paper, which forms a tough coverlet, permitting them to grow sturdily, yet smothering any weeds which attempt to compete with them. Wind and rain eventually destroy the paper, but not until the plants are in a flourishing condition, This novel method of planting is supposed to have increased the size of the pineapples one-fourth and to have added some eight tons to the acreage yield."

THE KING OPENS "WEMBLEY": THE ROYAL SPEECHES BROADCAST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



SHOWING A MICROPHONE THAT SENT THE KING'S VOICE THROUGHOUT THE LAND, AND "LOUD SPEAKERS" THAT CARRIED IT TO THE CROWD: THE PRINCE OF WALES DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The commencement of the great ceremony at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition by the King on April 23 (St. George's Day) is illustrated in this photographic impression, whose lack of clearness, it should be explained, is due to the bad light and the distance at which the photographers were placed. The Prince of Wales is shown standing on the daïs to the left of the King and Queen, delivering his address of welcome in his capacity as President of the Exhibition. Just above and to the left of the King's head is seen a microphone (suspended from the canopy) by means of which the

royal words reached, by radio, a vast audience listening all over the country. At the top of the photograph, under the large crown, are three rectangular "loud speakers," through which the speeches were distributed to the great crowd present in the Stadium. In the royal group to the right of the Queen may be noted the Duchess of York, standing just above the bouquet of flowers to the left of the steps. The Prince of Wales asked his father the King to declare open "this picture of our commonwealth of nations." Part of his Majesty's reply is given on our double-page.



"CO-OPERATION BETWEEN BROTHERS FOR THE BETTER DEVELOPMENT OF THE FAMILY ESTATE": THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION OPENED BY THE KING-

The King and Queen received a great popular ovation at Wembley on St. George's Day (April 23) when his Majesty opened the British Empire Exhibition, The King and Queen received a great payment oration as weenings of St. Georges Day (1910 23) which me majorny openic the Difficult Exhibition, in the presence of a crowd of about 200,000 people. In reply to the Address of Welcome delivered by the Prince of Wales as President of the Exhibition, the King said: "The Exhibition may be said to reveal to us the whole Empire in little, containing within its 220 acres of ground a vivid model of the architecture, art, and industry of all the races which come under the British flag. . . . We believe that this Exhibition will bring the peoples of the Empire to a better knowledge of how to meet their reciprocal wants and aspirations, and that where brotherly feeling and the habit of united action already exist the

THEIR MAJESTIES CHEERED BY ENTHUSIASTIC PROWDS IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.

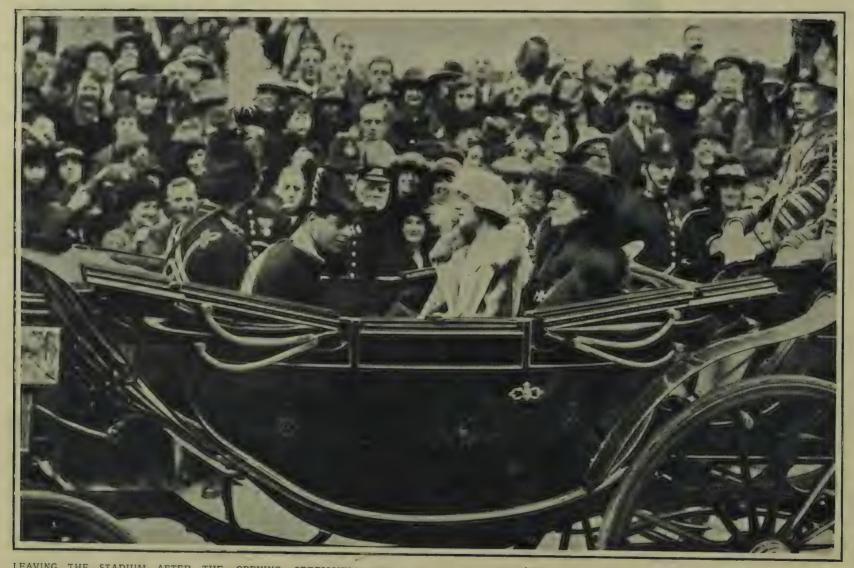
growth of inter-Imperial trade will make the bonds of sympathy yet closer and stronger. Business elations between strangers may or may not lead to friendship. Co-operation between brothers for the better development of the family estate can hardly fail to promote family affection. And we hope further that the success of the Exhibition may bring lasting benefits not to the Empire only, but to mankind in general." Our photograph shows the King and [Queen in their carriage driving through the Stadium, where the opening ceremony took place. Seated opposite to them are the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

ROYAL WEMBLEY: THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE; MASSED BANDS AND CHOIRS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" (COPYRIGHT) AND TOPICAL.



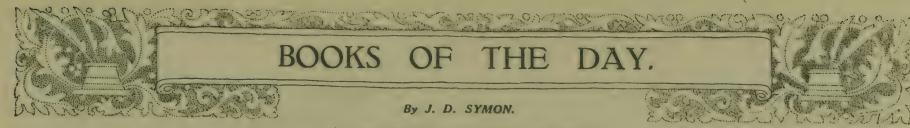
SHOWING THE MASSED BANDS OF THE GUARDS (ON THE RIGHT) AND THE MASSED CHOIRS (IN WHITE) ON THE STADIUM SEATS (LEFT BACKGROUND): THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL CARRIAGE WITH THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCE HENRY (LEFT), AND DUKE OF YORK.



LEAVING THE STADIUM AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY: THE SECOND ROYAL CARRIAGE CONTAINING (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE GEORGE, THE DUCHESS OF YORK (PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE WOMEN'S SECTION), AND THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The King and Queen drove from Windsor Castle to Wembley, by way of Datchet, Colnbrook, Hanwell, Ealing, and Alperton, accompanied in the carriage by the Duke of York and Prince Henry. On the return journey, by the same route, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were with their Majesties, while Prince Henry and Prince George rode in the second carriage with the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Devonshire. The Duchess of York is president of the general committee of the Women's Section of the Exhibition, which looks after the welfare of employees, and has arranged hospitality for overseas visitors.

The opening ceremony, performed by the King, is described on previous pages. The musical programme, arranged by Sir Edward Elgar and the Directors of Music of the Brigade of Guards, was carried out by the massed bands of the Guards and massed choirs from various London churches. After the King's speech, the reading of a Collect by the Bishop of London was followed by the Lord's Prayer, and the singing of "Jerusalem" by the choirs. Later, after a royal salute and the unfurling of flags, they sang "Land of Hope and Glory" and "Soul of the World."



THE lawyers make a notable appearance in the current book lists, both in prose and verse. The law in literature is an old tradition, of which Scott is the pre-eminent example; while Dickens, if not a lawyer, was at least a lawyer's apprentice. Lawyers' excursions into lighter literature are good wine, needing no bush, for to the robe we owe the very best things in vers de société. As translators, too, the men of law have given a good account of themselves. Glancing round my book-shelves I note at random Mr. Justice Ridley's "Pharsalia" of Lucan (1905), and close to it stands Lord Justice Rann Kennedy's "Plutus" of Aristophanes (1912). As a classical imitator, if not precisely a translator, Serjeant Talfourd won a respectable name in the 'thirties, although few, I imagine, now read his poetical dramas, "Ion" and "The Athenian Captive."

A greater classic than these and a greater versifier—in fact, the prince of lighter lyrists, Charles Stewart Calverley—was a lawyer in little more than name and formal calling. His extraordinary gift for translation cut both ways, for he could turn English verse into Latin as easily as he turned Latin into English: witness his exquisite version of "Lycidas," and that amazing challenge feat of his, the impromptu rendering into perfect Latin hexaffecters of twelve lines of English verse chosen at random, and repeated to him twice by a friend. He closed his eyes for a minute or two, and then recited his verses, without break or pause, and with no fault of metre or of syntax. That sort of scholarly exercise is less appreciated to-day, and the public to which it appealed has grown very small. It was always limited, and these efforts, at the best, hardly confer immortality on a modern writer. It is by Calverley's original pieces that he lives—that humour of his which, as one of his critics has remarked, "makes us laugh inside our hearts."

Next to Calverley among the light versifiers comes another lawyer of almost equally small practice at the Bar, from which the fascination of journalism wooed him away. Like Calverley, strangely enough, he was hindered in his career by an accident which permanently crippled his health. I refer to the delightful J. K. Stephen. He was Calverley's faithful disciple, but yet no servile imitator, for his quality is entirely individual. Such debt as he owed to C. S. C., J. K. S. acknowledged generously—

Ah, Calverley! if in these lays of mine
Some sparkle of thy radiant genius burned,
Or were in any poem—stanza—line
Some faint reflection of thy Muse discerned:
If any critic would remark in fine
"Of C.S.C. this gentle art he learned";
I should not then expect my book to fail,
Nor have my doubts about a decent sale.

He had as neat a touch in "break-down" effects as his master, and when he chose rather loftier flights, he had the same power of sentiment chastened by a proper restraint. For melody and form, too, he had a sense equally fastidious, and did not welcome the first wood notes wild of banjo-lyrists. He thought them rather wooden notes. It was not granted him to see the virtue of that school, and there he may have betrayed his limitations; but to-day a little more of J. K. S.'s quiet fineness would be a welcome corrective to much harsh lawlessness in verse, both light and professedly serious.

In amusing verse, dedicated to a young audience, the Law has exerted itself not in vain during its learned leisure. The incidental pieces in Judge Parry's "Katawampus" are capital sport, particularly the healthy lyric of tubbing on the heroic scale, celebrating the various kinds of bathing, but always coming back to the praise of the super-tub—

but the kind of bath for me
Is to take a dip from the side of a ship in the trough of a rolling sea.

The Lord Chief Jester of the Bench (retired) enjoys a reputation as a writer of verse, grave and gay. When, in 1909, he published a volume that has just been reissued in an enlarged form, it commanded immediate approval, and went within a month into a second edition. Perhaps the success was as surprising to this later legal singer as it was to J. K. Stephen, who wrote to amuse himself, but found that he could also amuse and charm others. In a later volume, "Quo Musa Tendis," Stephen wrote by way of preface—

My little book achieved success
And wandered up and down the land;
A thousand copies more or less
Were sold and paid for; that was grand;
And I was honestly surprised
To be so kindly criticised.

He went on to confess a higher ambition: He would make—

Some work in which I tried to show
That clowns can reason, jesters feel;
Nor need a scribbler lack the glow
Of passion, or the fire of zeal. . . .

And now I mean to write a book Where men for fewer jests must look.

From the beginning the bard who was Mr. Justice Darling has qualified his humorous verse with pieces in a graver vein. That was evident in the title of another most agreeable volume of his, "Seria Ludo." It is the keynote of the book just reissued, "On THE OXFORD CIRCUIT AND OTHER VERSES," by Charles Darling (Lord Darling of Langham) (Murray; 6s.). But the graver note prevails. The reader will seek almost in vain for quips of the kind that used to lighten the tedium of Mr. Justice Darling's Court. Perhaps his gentle, graceful,

rather pensive Muse disapproved of these, and would not allow them to find a place in the measured line. Or the explanation may lie in a stanza of "Obiter non Dicta"—

But though much merit hide in some Mere sayings by the way, The best of all my obiter I never dared to say.

If that be true, then the world has lost something. But there is enough of wit and wisdom to make this a very pleasant volume. The piece which gives its title to the collection is founded in part on the death of Talfourd (author of "Ion" aforesaid) while delivering his charge to the Grand Jury at Stafford in 1854. If it proves yet once more that the hexameter is hardly possible in English verse, the intractable metre is here used at least as skilfully as it was in the experiments of Clough and Stephen. And the poem itself is finely dramatic and impressive. Among the new additions to the volume are several pieces inspired by the war. Of these, "Ad Misericordiam" is a little tour de force of grim realism and satire by innuendo. "On the Oxford Circuit" in its new form is a welcome addition to the shelf of lawyers' verse. It is yet another proof that there is no hostility between Poetry and the

The men of law are great hands also at personal reminiscence, and they still follow bravely the precedents of Ballantine and Montagu Williams. They are good when they write of experiences in the practice of the Civil Law,

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"CHEAT THE BOYS." By Eden Phillpotts.

"CLUBFOOT THE AVENGER."
(H. Jenkins.)
By Valentine Williams.

"THE CONSCIENCE OF GAVIN BLANE."
(Hutchinson.) By W. E. Norris.

"THE HOUSE OF DOOM." By Katharine Tynan.

"THE HOUSE OF PROPHECY."

(Butterworth.) By Gilbert Cannan.
"JOHN DIGHTON." By Max Pemberton.

"MESSALINA OF THE SUBURBS."
(Hutchinson.) By E. M. Delafield.

"THE TRAVELLER IN THE FUR CLOAK."
(Hutchinson.) By Stanley J. Weyman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE."

(Dent.) By E. A. Brayley-Hodgetts.

"MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA."

(Arnold.) By F. Ossendowski.

"LETTERS OF ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE."
(J. Murray.)

By Hester Ritchie.

"MY GARDEN OF MEMORY."
(Hodder & Stoughton.) By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

but for interest and fascination their memories of the Criminal Courts run an easy first. In former articles I have laboured the psychological reasons for this almost ad nauseam, and the subject may now be left alone. But if reasons be omitted, let me quote a piece of personal human testimony very much to the point. It was given by a witness who, although technically learned in the law, served Thespis more assiduously than Themis—the late Harry. Irving, author of several memorable studies in criminology. Once, when that virtuous body, the Crimes Club, was choosing a subject for debate, Irving exclaimed: "Hang your frauds; what we want is a good bloody murder!"

The story is told in a new book of legal reminiscences, by far the most interesting of those published during recent years. It could not fail to be so, for it contains the memories of the oldest living barrister, whose career at the Old Bailey cast him as a principal actor in the most sensational criminal trials of the nineteenth century. The title of the book does not include his name, which may be a disadvantage, but by this time everybody must know that "Seventy-two Years at the Bar, a Memoir," by Ernest Bowen-Rowlands (Macmillan; 18s.), is the life-story of Sir Harry Poland, who, although retired, is a brisk young man rising ninety-five, and still going strong, as his frequent letters to the *Times* on legal questions abundantly prove.

One reason for the omission of Sir Harry's name may be his reluctance to have his memoirs published. Friends have pressed him to write them, but he never would consent, nor did he favour the idea of any account by another hand. "He might do so," he said, "when he was old," i.e., in the Greek Kalends. Luckily, however, Mr. Ernest Bowen-Rowlands collected material quietly, and one day

confessed his virtuous act to Sir Harry, who, after a good deal of persuasion, consented to verify his friend's notes. The result was a series of conversations, which must have added much to the original material, and, by a happy inspiration, the author has kept the conversational form throughout a large part of his book. Thus it has become no mere anecdotage, but a lively record of the sharpening of legal wit upon legal wit; moot points are raised, and in the discussion Sir Harry's learning, experience, and sagacity come into full play, and very often he gives on some vexed question a last word of which his professional brethren may be trusted to take due note.

The memories of a man who was called to the Bar in 1851 recall a London hard to realise. It was without main drainage; turnpike gates still stood at Notting Hill and Kennington; there was no Charing Cross Station, and halfpenny steamers plied on the Thames between Hungerford Bridge and London Bridge. Vauxhall still offered entertainments, if it scarcely flourished. Sir Harry did not find it riotously entertaining. "It was not unamusing, provided that you did not go often." Nor was Cremorne beyond measure seductive. A far more interesting reminiscence of Sir Harry's is his presence in the pit of Drury Lane at the first performance of the "Bohemian Girl." He was always a great opera-goer. Music and literature were his hobbies, "and the only ones."

For the incidents of his professional life Sir Harry has the most marvellously accurate memory. He gives dates, chapter and verse, names, and circumstances, as if from a book before him. His Boswell has tested these and has never found him in error. The talk flows on easily and pleasantly, case succeeds case, and one calls up another. With all deference to Irving's opinion of frauds, a good swindle can make an excellent story. In Sir Harry's hands the intricacies of that masterpiece of ingenious wickedness, the Bank of England forgeries—by which four Americans cheated the Bank of \$100,000—is as engrossing as the most lurid of the murder cases in which the sleuth-hound of the Treasury, as the great advocate was called, spun, or helped to spin, the rope for the deserving. Among these were Wainwright, Lefroy, and Lamson, whose cases are reviewed with many others. On the Bravo Mystery, lately recalled in Sir John Hall's book, Sir Harry has his own opinion as to the real culprit, but he keeps it to himself. He does not believe, however, that Dr. Gully was in any way to blame.

In the light of the present discussion of capital punishment, Sir Harry Poland's views come at a timely moment. He is in favour of the death penalty for wilful murder. The other day Lord Darling gave a similar opinion, finding the punishment both "justifiable and expedient" where the murder is wilful. The fact that Mr. Bowen-Rowlands issued only a few weeks ago a very able treatise, "Judgment of Death" (already reviewed here), lends a special piquancy to his conversation with Sir Harry on the problem of the gallows.

The book contains a noteworthy bibliographical curiosity—a book within a book. This is a transcript of "Arabiniana," the eccentric sayings of Serjeant Arabin (name of pleasant Trollopian association, but clerical, not legal, in "Barchester Towers"), who flourished in the fourth decade of last century. The book, which is exceedingly rare, was recommended by Sydney Smith as "very witty and humorous." Sir Harry Poland possesses a copy, and his Boswell has thought the contents worthy of reproduction. Its humour may have evaporated a little, or may be perceptible in its choicest bouquet only to the legal mind. There is nothing in it equal to Sydney Smith's poorest joke; but it is amusing to see the things that amused that delightful jester.

The clerical jester, no less than the legal, is still with us. For a case in point, turn to the latest work of a young Roman Father, who has already given the world not a little entertainment with a well-invented diary of a Society woman some eighty years hence. This sportive cleric, but serious satirist, is again in the field, this time with "Sanctions, A Frivolity," by Ronald Knox (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). His "Memories of the Future" was a thing apart in delicate badinage. The new frivolity with a purpose is as good, perhaps even better—a book one can recommend heartily, for "Sanctions" is its own sanction. For semi-prophetic views of Society, interwoven with a story, you may consult "The House of Prophecy" (Butterworth; 7s. 6d.), Gilbert Cannan's continuation into a third part of the work he began in "Pugs and Peacocks." For a reversal of prophecy by the greatest prophetic master of all, there is Mr. Wells's "The Dream" (Cape; 7s. 6d.), in which one of his superb supermen of the future sees in a vision the world as it is to-day, or rather, the world as it appears in one type of novel by Mr. Wells. One fears that to the superman it must have seemed a very bad dream; but it is by no means a bad Wells story, although realism never comes so persuasively from his pen as romantic and quasi-scientific fantasy.

Peccavi! A fortnight ago, by one of those absurd aberrations that at times defeat all one's care, even in proof-correcting, I blundered over a point I knew perfectly well, and described Sir Charles Oman as a Fellow of Magdalen. The name of the College should have been All Souls. I trust it is not libel to have made the author of "The Art of War in the Middle Ages" a member of the Society that claims among its most distinguished sons the author of "The Campaign"; but, libel or none, my sincere apologies are due, and are tendered herewith.

WITH HER SIGNALLING YARD "COCK-BILLED"-THE NAVY'S OLD SIGN OF MOURNING: THE PASSING OF THE "LION."



THE CENTRE FUNNEL BEING DROPPED, AND MANY OXYGEN-ACETYLENE FLAMES ADMIRAL BEATTY'S

H.M.S. "Lion," the flag-ship of the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron during the war, is now being broken up at Jarrow-on-Tyne, after having her 13.5-inch guns removed on the Clyde. Two photographs showing sections of the work on her decks appeared in our issue of April 12. In a note on his fine drawing. here reproduced, Mr. C. E. Turner points out that her signalling yard on the foremast is "cock-billed" (tilted slantwise), "the old Navy sign of mourning," and he continues: "As one recalls her fighting record (Heligoland, the Dogger Bank, and Jutland), her present desolation as she lies at her Jarrow moorings

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



IN OPERATION: .THE BREAKING UP OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE-CRUISER "LION." FLAG-SHIP AT JUTLAND.

with her hull rusted and streaked with carbide, and her decks a confusion of scrap metal, produces a feeling of regret that she should end thus. The drawing shows her surrounded by barges to be filled with her metal, whilst breakers cut through her steel plating. Points of elight on her decks show the many oxygenacetylene flames at work. Her centre funnel is being dropped. The gun-turret in the centre has been removed; 58 men were killed in it at jutland, and the ship was saved from destruction then by the heroism of Major Harvey, V.C., who succeeded in flooding the magazines."—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MATING BIRDS: "DISPLAYS" AND FIGHTS FOR "TERRITORY."

By W. P. Pycrast, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.,

THOUGH" the time of the singing of birds is come," yet now, in mid-April, there is little evidence that this joyous time has arrived. I have but just returned from a short visit to Hampshire, whither I went full of high expectation of seeing, at any rate, a few swallows and a warbler or two; but I searched in vain, taking what shelter I could find from almost incessant rain. The music from a rookery near at hand was all the evidence I could find of the advent I set forth to seek. But I am willing to admit that, had my zeal been great enough to draw me out-doors soon after dawn, I should have seen more evidence of the kind I set out to discover. For, though our spring migrants are apparently loth to put in an appearance, our resident species—chaffinches, thrushes, starlings, and so on—have already begun to feel the call of the parental instincts.

The males are the first to be touched by Cupid's dart. And this they show by staking out a "claim," for which they will fight to the death against all comers—of their own species at any rate. The size of the "estate" which each will "ear-mark" as his own varies according to the needs of his prospective family. With sea-birds like the guillemot or the razor-bill, a ledge of rock large enough to lodge the single large egg and the sitting bird is "estate" enough, for there is food in plenty in the sea below, But in the case of insectivorous birds the conditions vary. The swallow tribe needs no more than a site for the nursery; the warblers and the finches, for example, need much more than this. They must



RAZOR-BILLS FIGHTING FOR "TERRITORY"—A COVETED LEDGE ON A CLIFF.

From Eliot Howard's "Territory in Bird Life."

have an "allotment," from which all trespassers are driven off with sound and fury. The possession of "territory" is imperative, if the mating in-

stincts are to be satisfied. Hence it is allimportant that this should be secured in good time, for laggards in love are apt to find themselves unmated because they cannot provide a home, all the eligible sites having been already seized.

In a very little while all possible rivals

have been vanquished. The possession of an estate an accomplished fact, the proud owner awaits the inevitable arrival of "his other self," no less anxious to "settle down" and take on the responsibilities, the joys, and anxieties of parenthood. And if and when the need arises, she will join with him in driving off any intruding late comers who may regard their chosen area as worth fighting for But sluggards like myself never see these bitter struggles for possession. Those who wait till "after breakfast" might as well stay in bed. But even those who are

well stay in bed. But even those who are up betimes will see none of these things unless they possess an infinite capacity for patient waiting and much discomfort. A few mornings must be spent in reconnoitring. One or two birds only, of one particular species, must be marked down and watched.

If on two or three successive mornings a bird is found occupying the same spot, then to that spot the observer must devote his undivided attention,

carefully hidden, and provided with a good pair of field-glasses and a note-book. He must play "Paul Pry," for wandering observers gather no notes!



CHAFFINCHES FIGHTING FOR "TERRITORY:" DRIVING OFF A RIVAL WHO HAS STARTED TOO LATE TO FIND AN ESTATE OF HIS OWN.

From Eliot Howard's "Territory in Bird Life."

Much valuable work of this kind has been done by Mr. Edmund Selous, as those will know who have read his delightful "Bird-Watching." But the first to demonstrate the full significance of the behaviour of this aspect of bird-life was Mr. Eliot Howard. The first-fruits of years of laborious work he gave us in his wonderful book on the British warblers, which was followed by a wider survey in his "Territory in Bird-Life." These are two books which should be read just now by all who aspire to gain a real grip of the problems raised by Darwin's theory of "Sexual Selection." Had Darwin possessed the facts set out in these two volumes, he would still have propounded a theory of "Sexual Selection," but it would have been differently fashioned.

Darwin was inspired by observations made on gorgeously plumaged birds such as the peacock, the argus pheasant, the golden pheasant, and birds-of-paradise. The fact that these singularly striking and beautiful habiliments were worn only by the males, and being always the subject of an apparently conscious display when in the presence of their soberly coloured females, they were, he believed, the result of female preference. Individual females anxious to mate, he believed, choose from among a number of rival males the one which, by appropriate display,



THE GRASSHOPPER WARBLER "DISPLAYING," AFTER THE FASHION OF A BIRD WITH GAILY COLOURED PLUMAGE.

Many birds at this time hold a leaf in the beak, as if to suggest nest-building.

From Eliot Howard's "British Warblers."

made the most of his charms. And thus, through long generations, by slow increments, the peacock's train, or the even more wonderful "eyes" on the enormous

wing feathers of the argus pheasant, came into being. An obvious objection to this interpretation is this—that it implies a very discriminating taste and sense of the beautiful in the females, who, other things being equal, are assumed to choose between rival males the most adept in the art of display and the most brightly coloured. Moreover, it implied a preference for a definite, standardised coloration, persisting throughout not only her own life-time, but transmitted to her female descendants—a very unfeminine trait. But we further have no reason to believe that there was in the past any more appreciable variation in the matter of the coloration of these birds than exists to-day, when any two peacocks are as like as two peas.

The evidence on this head seems to show, rather, that this resplendent plumage is the result of an inherent variation, which, having started, went on increasing in amplitude, generation after generation, until it could no further go, for the fine feathers of the peacock or the golden pheasant seem now to have become stabilised. If only birds thus gorgeously arrayed courted their females as if to charm them with their beauty, there would be little room for any other interpretation. But Mr. Howard has shown that sombrely coloured warblers go through precisely similar "antics" before their mates. They spread their wings and tails, as though they glowed with all the colours of the rainbow. The grasshopper warbler, for example, spreads his wings as though they were as gaily coloured as those of the sun-bittern.



JAYS FIGHTING FOR "TERRITORY": A PRELIMINARY
TO MATING.

From Eliot Howard's "Territory in Bird Life."

All this coquetry, all these strange displays of wings and tail, whether of exaggerated size or gaily

coloured, or merely of varying hues of dull brown and black, are intended to serve as "aphrodisiacs," to arouse the mating instincts of the less ardent female. Males who fail thus to demonstrate their desire fail to beget offspring—and here is one all-important aspect of "Sexual Selection." The other and equally necessary part which must be played if the race is to survive is played by the male, who, if he is to mate, must first provide a nesting-site, or, as the need may be, a nesting-site and "territory" large enough to ensure a sufficiency of food for his prospective family.

In the case of birds like the raven or the peregrine, this territory must be extensive. A whole country side will scarcely suffice. Hence it is that no more than a pair of these birds will be found nesting in any given area at one time. It is this consciousness of the limitations of the food supply that causes birds to drive away their young so soon as they are big enough to fend for themselves. The failure of this instinct would bring disaster on both the parents and their offspring. This aspect of bird life is so full of interest that I propose, in the

near future, to discuss what obtains in the case of polygamous and polyandrous birds like the ruff, the cuckoo, and the blackcock.



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The World of the Theatre.



"LONG.FELT WANT" AND A CHANCE.—NELL GWYNNE.

HERE is an Easter-egg for somebody with enterprise and a little money. And this is how I found it.

Being a Cosmopolitan by inclination, and ever wishful to keep abreast of what is going on in our World of the Theatre beyond Aldgate Pump, I am on the look-out for foreign plays that matter. In most countries all the plays that matter are printed, and, I am glad to say-thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Benn-we are rapidly following suit, and with careful selection they are bound to establish an institution. So, naturally, when one hears of a new work that matters that is published in Paris, Vienna, Madrid, or elsewhere, one imagines that in London, hub of the universe, it will be easy to procure it.

One has but to go to a so-called "foreign bookseller," and in a twinkling you carry away your treasure, eagerly looking forward to the leisure hour of perusal. That is the vision splendid—the theory. Now comes the practice.

The other day, for my studies, I wanted three foreign plays: one by Sarment, the new and promising young dramatist of France; one by George Kayser which has made a sensation in Germany, since he wrote it in durance vile; and one by Benavente, the great Spanish author. Gaily I set out on my journey, hoping and thinking that three such notable works would be easily obtained in the purlieus of Piccadilly and Soho, where the French booksellers are; in Tottenham Court Road, where there are many bookshops; last but not least, in the Charing Cross Road, where odds and ends from all the world are flaunted in old editions and in new. When I came back to my office, about lunch-time, weary and tired, what was the result of my pilgrimage? Loss of time and disappointment! The French booksellers, ever polite, were quite ready to get the Sarment play - in ten days or so: they would order it at once—it would be in the first "envoi de Paris" in ten days. Benavente-to make a long story short—was nowhere to be found. A suggestion of a postcard to Madrid was countered with a remark concerning the dilatory manners of the Spaniards -" hasta mañana"-you might get a reply in a month, if you got one at all. As for George Kayser, he had been heard of in one quarter, since my friend Ashley Dukes had translated and (I think) published one of his plays, but of this particular one there was no trace. "Of course it could be ordered"; and then the usual rigmarole that it would take some time, and so on.

I will not add insult to injury by relating how in some bookshops there was a candid confession that Benavente and Kayser had never been heard of by

this man of letters. True, I have not explored all the foreign booksellers for my purpose—that would have meant endless time and journeys—but my experience is sufficient to prove that London, as far as foreign plays are concerned, is entirely out of the running. This is all the more remarkable, since doctors, lawyers, and scientists tell me that there is no place in the world so well stocked with international works as the purlieus around the British Museum. In Gower Street there are special libraries where you can find the whole output of modern Europe and America, to say nothing of classics pertaining to the domain of learned professions.

Now of late years play-reading, which at the beginning of this century was but the study of the few, has gradually become a more general pastime. People read plays nowadays as they read novels: probably the works of Shaw and the Manchester School have paved the road of interest in this form

with the production of international drama. Nor is

of fiction. So what is wanted is a Play Centre—a place where one can at a glance become acquainted the idea and its realisation quite new. It was tried in that year of ill-omen 1914; it existed and was swept away by the war wave. We-I and a few friends-had then planned play-propaganda on a large scale. We obtained from the largest firm of theatrical publishers in France the monopoly of all their publications. We had a store of all the classics and some 2000 modern French plays on our shelves. We had arrangements with the leading firms of Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, Holland, Russia, on "sale or return." America alone would not support us in this way. They would not see the advantage of

A NEW IMPERSONATION OF THE ORANGE GIRL WHO BECAME A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND A KING'S FAVOURITE: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS AS NELL GWYNNE, IN "OUR NELL," AT THE GAIETY. Nell Gwynne has been the heroine of many plays, of which the latest is "Our Nell," described as "a new all-British musical play." It was produced at the Gaiety Theatre on April 16, with Miss José Collins in the titlepart .- [Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]

the Play Centre, and would grant us no dépot. They demanded cash; and, as American publications are dearand numerous, we should have had to find much capital to create efficiency of service. However, that was to come.

Things began well. We had bright offices in Piccadilly; we had large tables covered with new plays, and easy chairs to allow the visitor reposeful perusal; our shelves were replete with classics in all manner of binding, from the cheapest for the students' use, to the most artistic designs to attract the epicure. All went well. Visitors came and bought; literary loungers plied us with calls and enquiries; we planned a British Play Libraryprinting was cheap then-at a few pence a copy, in imitation of Philip Reclame's famous Leipzig collection. The future seemed full of promise and smiles; then-the thunderbolt. Four months after our incorporation-and finis Poloniæ! There was no more demand for plays when the tocsin rang through the land.

But now the time has come to rebuild the erstwhile structure, and to found it so firmly that it will become a milestone in bookland. It heralds a useful and remunerative career to a man-or I would prefer a woman; they are better sellers and their manners prepossess the visitor-who has capital enough to hire a shop in a lively thoroughfare, or in the artistic corner of the Adelphi; to furnish it with taste and comfort, so that the caller feels tempted to linger and is tempted to buy; and to let the display of all manner of work concerning the drama be, as it were, a geographical chart of the dramatic movement in the world. It is not so much a question

of a large capital as of a broad mind and one endowed with the power of persuasiveness. The right person will, in one trip through the principal book-centres of Europe, amass enough "stock" for the present and the future to keep the machine going. The right person will be welcomed everywhere from Christiania to Amsterdam (and particularly in Berlin and Vienna) with open arms, and will obtain all the support that is needed. For, let it be said, lest we forget, that London is the market towards which all eyes are turned - not only the eyes of the Lehars, the Falls, and the rest of the Viennese operetta kings, but the eyes of all dramatists. For the London hallmark is as universal currency as the golden sovereign of sad and sacred memory.

Romance is the riddle of the Sphinx, and Realism is the answer. Romance is a bright fairy with the brush of deception in her hand. Who wants the historian's records for solution? The world, which ever loves to cheat itself, will always prefer Romance. It is by grace of romance that Nell Gwynne lives to-day. She is still "Our Nell"; still "The Sweet Nell of Old Drury," with her basket of oranges. Many a pretty tale has filled out the obscurities of her early years and cast a halo around the actress who bore two sons to the gay Charles II. The fictions of the scholar become the facts of the playwright. Why should we tear down the veil and remember this was the England of the Plague and the Fire, the England that had to look on Dutch ships in the Medway? Was it not the age of Mode, according to Evelyn? Nell Gwynne was a daughter of Fashion, a stage favourite, piquant and bustling; a symbol, if you please, that we had cast off the hair-shirt and taken to the silken vest. Folly, that in Cromwellian days was a Dea Infamis, sported herself shamelessly with painted face, bare bosom, and flaunting love-locks. This is the age of the

periwig and perruque, the time when Mr. Pepys confessed to watching intimacies in actresses' dressingrooms. Nell had a trim ankle, and who with such a neat curve would wish to hide it? Since My Lady ruled at Court, methinks she had some say in the new fashion of short skirts. Let us not peep too closely, for behind the mask is no sincerity, no passion. The courtiers are like Grammont, "with pocket looking-glass . . . essences and other small wares of love." Wit is esteemed above fervency, and salacity above fantasy. Yet out of this elegant, ribboned, rotten age, Nell Gwynne has come down to us. The thunders of Baxter and Prynne are dead. We do not care a pinch of rappee for their curses. For us she lives a fragrant figure of romance, a picture in satin, ribbon and curls, a treasured memory that has grown more charming through the years-"Our Nell," that José Collins at the Gaiety will sing into our hearts, so that we shall say to the niggling historian, "Avaunt! I will keep my illusions."-G. F. H.



The World of Women

A practical Burberry fur felt hat for town and country wear. THE King and the Queen like nothing better than assembling their family round them.

Small wonder this, when they have such an altogether charming family to assemble! The Prince of Wales, despite the poor weather during his stay at Biarritz and the refusal of the sun to do his important part in the cure, is well again and perfectly fit, as he would probably express it. His Royal Highness thoroughly believes in the combination of healthy body and healthy mind. The establishment at Biarritz where he convalesced is one of the most completely equipped in the world, with baths and appliances for every kind of treatment. That for the Prince was simple, and occupied only a short time each day. He was out a great deal enjoying the breezes from the Atlantic, and taking, as his custom is, plenty of exercise. General Trotter, who is devoted to him, is a firstrate soldier and a good sportsman, although handicapped by the loss of an arm, and the two men have much in common.

Princess Mary is becoming a very enthusiastic Yorkshire woman. Her visit to the textile show in connection with the Empire Exhibition was undertaken quite con amore. The Princess showed the keenest interest in the beautiful fabrics, and asked many questions as to how they were produced. In

the season at Chesterfield House, but at Goldsborough Hall she is at home. Her hunters know her personally; one is a beautiful grey given to her by Irish hunting women; another is a bay, a present from the King; and Lord Lascelles has contributed generously to his wife's stud of hunters. Princess Mary is a keen horsewoman, and rides straight and well. She has some favourite dogs too, and in her love of animals and the country and sport she resembles her grandmother, Queen Alexandra. Queen Victoria, although she never hunted, was a good horsewoman, and enjoyed riding even in the supremely uncomfortable clothing and the grotesque side-saddles in use in her time.

The Countess of Ilchester has been presiding at meetings in the Conservative interest in Dorsetshire. Lady Ilchester, like her mother, the late Marchioness of Londonderry, is a keen observer of

events and a very intelligent politician. Her interest in Dorsetshire is through Abbotsbury, a place which has been in the family for many centuries. There is the finest swannery there in England, and visitors to it are many and from all over the world. Lady Ilchester is very pleased with her daughter's engagement, and delights in the happiness of the fiancés. The wedding will probably take place during the season, either from Holland House or from Londonderry House, from

which Lady Ilchester was herself married. Lord Ilchester, then Lord Stavordale, left his presents to the bridesmaids in a hansom-cab, and cabbie, a very honest man, had some little trouble in tracing him to return them. Holland House is very beautiful, and a fine place for a big reception, but Londonderry House is nearer the churches.

The weather up to Easter gave no inspiration for the purchase of spring clothing; nevertheless, some wonderful confections graced the Easter holidays. It is a good testing-time for the modes of the middle classes — there are only middle classes nowadaysalso, of course, the new poor; but they have to make quite sure what is to last before they purchase, and can use the Easter holiday people as useful object lessons. It would seem that some of them had purchased new furs, as there was an epidemic of short coats in expensive peltry. A lady who was sunning herself in one of chinchilla, said to another similarly clad in ermine that it was positively sickening to see people out in shabby furs that they had had all winter. The poor dear would not have been able to bear up at all had she known the number of winters those same old furs had proved good comforters to their owners! A number of blue hats appeared at Easter. Let us

hope that, like the blue bird, they make for happiness. Anyway, they make a pleasant change after too many red top-knots. Red is a popular colour, but one can have too much of it in dress, as in politics. The bandanna-handkerchief craze shows no sign of abatement. The truth is it supplies a long-felt want.



It is delightful to wear no collar and feel the neck free and open. A rough coat collar, or one of fur, is not always pleasant next the skin. Soft furs are all right in this way, but are apt to convey smuts. The silk handkerchief is grateful to the touch, and also keeps the neck in nice condition.

Hunting pictures are difficult to paint. There is something about a fast thing across country that is so electric as to be very hard to portray. Major Douglas Giles, who is a well-known painter of hounds and horses, has achieved notable success in a series of pictures of the Bramham Moor Hounds, of which Viscount Lascelles and his brother, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, are Joint Masters; also of the Albrighton, of which Major Hickman is Master. There are six pictures of each hunt, and looking at them one seems transported to the very scenes. No portraits are attempted, but the spirit and feeling of the thing is caught. The horses, hounds, and people in each canvas represent a close study of them at the covert-side, running across country, and seeking scent. The pictures also represent no end of close work; but these things are as nothing when success over so difficult a task gives us the pleasure of pictures of hunting which convey to us the atmosphere and spirit of the sport, and, to those who belong to these two hunts, what they know and love.

The Queen of Roumania, whom we know well over here, is an extraordinarily magnetic and fascinating personality, in addition to being very good indeed to look at. Her mother, whom we remember best as the Duchess of Edinburgh, believed in marrying her daughters young, and the Queen, eldest of the four, was Crown Princess of Roumania at the age of seventeen. The poet-Queen, Carmen Sylva, was her aunt-in-law, and was of a nature so different from the bright, energetic young Anglo-Russian Princess that the wonder is that they got on well together. In early days, the Queen loved driving and riding. and then motoring, and was often rather reckless in her methods. Later in life she devoted time and study to art. She inherited her mother's love of architecture, and in her country palace the interiors designed by herself are very beautiful. She loves garden planning, and has helped by her artistic talents many of the pottery and embroidery industries of her adopted country. Recently Queen Marie has devoted her talents to a close study of Balkan politics, and has married one daughter to the King of Greece, whose exile she is seeking to terminate in favour of a triumphant return to his throne; another is the wife of the King of the Serbs and Croats; and the third, as yet a schoolgirl, is said to be also designed for a Balkan throne.

Naturally, Queen Marie, whose mother was the only daughter of a Tsar of All the Russias, does not love the Bolshevists, who are now credited with the design of taking Bessarabia from Roumania. It is a cherished gain of the Great War, and will not be parted with. The King and Queen of Roumania have the confidence of their people, and have already done so much for them that they believe they will accomplish much more, which is, after all, a remarkably human way of looking at things

A. E. L.



Light-brown cheviot overchecked with smoke-grey makes the perfectly tailored coal and skirt on the left, and the long coat to match destined to be worn at race meetings. Sketched at Burberrys. (See page 764.)

the mannequin show also her Royal Highness was greatly interested, and spent a long time inspecting the exhibits. Goldsborough is a real country home, and Princess Mary is essentially a home-loving woman. She does her public duties charmingly; she is a successful hostess at the big parties she gives in







THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

L ONDON is, after all, going to be well supplied with opera during the coming season. The old Grand Opera Syndicate which used to flourish in the days before the war, when Caruso and Tetrazzini were its two chief stars, has come to life again, and is to give a season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden from

Monday, May 5, to Saturday, July 26. I have been provided with a preliminary list of artists and with the names of the operas from which the repertory—the Syndicate still sticks to the French word, répertoire—will be drawn, and, on the whole, it is an excellent programme.

It shows that the Grand Opera Syndicate realises that public taste has changed considerably during the last ten years. The days are gone when a season at Covent Garden was a social event, and the music principally an excuse for Society gathering together in a display of the finest clothes and jewels. Now it is the music that matters, and you can fill Covent Garden any night in the week with a keen, appreciative public if you have something first-rate to give them. The most interesting item in the repertory for this season is the announcement of two complete cycles of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in German under the musical direction of Bruno Walther. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear any of the Munich Festivals under Bruno Walther's direction will know what to expect. Bruno Walther is one of the most experienced and capable of living operatic conductors, and the standard

of performance reached at Munich during his regime as head of the National Opera House there made the Munich Festivals famous throughout Germany. The first cycle will begin with "Das Rheingold" on Monday, May 5, and the second on Tuesday, May 13. No "Extra Cycle" will be given. For the performance of "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Die Götterdämmerung"—the first two of which begin at 5 o'clock and the last at 4.30—it has been arranged that a dinner interval of an hour and a half will take place

after the first act. A number of leading foreign singers have been engaged, and in the list of artists for the Wagner operas Miss Florence Austral and Miss May Busby stand out as the only two British names.

In addition to the "Ring," "Tristan und Isolde" is to be given, but not "Die Meistersinger." There are, however, to be three Strauss operas—"Ariadne," "Der Rosenkavalier," and "Salome," which has



ROYAL INTEREST IN A MODEL HANSOM CONTAINING A CHILD "NURSE" COLLECTING FOR THE POUND SCHEME: PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES AT THE INFANTS' HOSPITAL IN VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.—[Photograph by Aithen, Ltd.]

not been heard in London for many years. The remainder of the repertory is to be Italian opera with one exception, and this exception is Mozart's "Don Giovanni," which, as usual, will be sung in Italian. This is probably the opera which music-lovers will welcome most. It seems an eternity since we have had an opportunity of hearing a really first-rate performance of this great masterpiece. We may not get it even now, but we must hope for the best. So far, the names of the Italian singers and conductors have

not been announced, but I have the hope that the Grand Opera Syndicate intend to put the performance of "Don Giovanni" into Bruno Walther's hands. Those who have heard Bruno Walther's performances of Mozart at the beautiful little eighteenth-century Residenz Theatre in Munich know that he is almost the ideal man to conduct "Don Giovanni." After all, though "Don Giovanni" is sung in Italian, it is a German, and not an Italian opera.

The list of Italian operas includes Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera"—musically one of the most delightful of Verdi's works. Another attractive announcement is Verdi's "Macbeth." These are the two most interesting of the Italian group, and I could wish that Verdi's last, and in many respects finest, opera, "Falstaff," had also been included. For this we could have dispensed with Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," or with "Madama Butterfly," which has been played to death by the British National Opera Company.

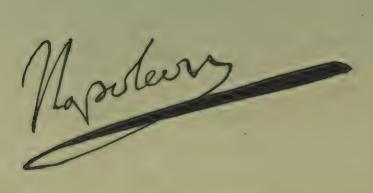
I also would gladly do without Puccini's "Tosca," and Wolf - Ferrari's "I Gioielli della Madonna." In place of them we might have had Rossini's "Barber of Seville," or, as Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" is to be revived, why not have given us a Bellini revival—say, "Norma," or "La Somnambula," which contain some exquisite gems of lyric melody? Or we might have had another Donizetti opera, "La Favorita," which contains some of Donizetti's best music; it would be far more interesting and attractive than these hackneyed Puccini operas, and the everlasting "I Pagliacci." But while I am referring to Donizetti, I should like to suggest to Mr. Henry Hig-

gins, or whoever is the responsible person on the Grand Opera Syndicate's board of management, that in the forthcoming production of "Lucia di Lammermoor" the soprano should sing the air in G major, "Perchè non ho del Vento," which was specially composed for introduction into the famous "Mad Scene." I believe that "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be a great success. It is absolutely unknown to the younger generation, and we are to-day much more appreciative of this [Continued overlass].



"Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow."

A sketch from Meissonier's famous picture in the Louvre.



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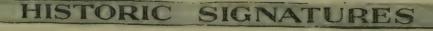
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Continued.] sensitive, spontaneous lyrical music than we were ten years ago.

If the Grand Opera Syndicate has come definitely to life again, it might profitably turn its attention next year to French opera, and give us a French

season. Italian opera has for too long monopolised Covent Garden, and although German opera has now won a place there, and we are not expected to go all through the twelve weeks of the opera season on a diet of saccharine, we never get an opportunity of hearing the many delightful French operas that have been composed during the last hundred years. The difficulty, of course, is that it means engaging a separate company of French singers: but the way out of that difficulty is simply to dispense for once with an Italian season, and rely entirely on the German and French operas. For example, there is one work whose announcement by the Grand Opera Syndicate would bring every musiclover and almost every professional and amateur musician in England to Covent Garden, and that is Berlioz's "Les Troyens," which was Berlioz's last work. Part II., "Les Troyens à Carthage," was first produced at Paris in 1863; but the whole opera was given its first performance under the great conductor Felix Mottl, at Karlsruhe, in 1890. But apart from Berlioz's huge work, there are a number of extremely attractive French operas, such as Massenet's "Grisé Fidis," "Thais," "Manon" (a far supe-

rior work to Puccini's "Manon Lescaut"), "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," and "Werther." These operas by Massenet are notable for a beauty of workmanship and a poetic feeling that is quite beyond anything in modern Italian opera. There are also a number of more recent French operas which would be worth a hearing. A French

company would probably be able to present us with some of the lighter Russian operas, which have never been heard in London—such, for example, as Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Snow-Maiden," "Mlada," "Christmas



HANDED OVER TO THE ARAB ARMY IN IRAQ ON THE OCCASION OF SIR JOHN SALMOND'S FAREWELL: BRITISH GUNS IN THE MARCH-PAST.



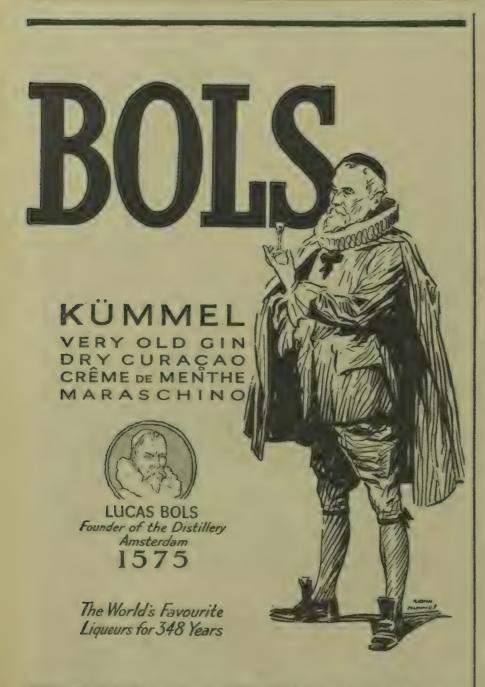
SIR JOHN SALMOND'S FAREWELL TO THE TROOPS IN IRAQ: ADDRESSING THE ARAB ARTILLERY AT THE HANDING OVER OF BRITISH GUNS.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

Eve," and "The Tsar's Betrothed." Some of these Rimsky-Korsakov operas would have enormous success if they were well done. They have been very successful in Russia, while French and other musical crities who are familiar with them write of them with enthusiasm; but the only opera of Rimsky-Korsakov's known in this country is "Coq d'Or."

In addition to the Grand Opera Syndicate's season at Covent Garden, it is possible that the British National Opera Company may give a season of opera in English if it can find a suitable theatre. Then there is Mr. Barry V. Jackson, who is beginning very

tentatively with Mozart's "Cost Fan Tutte" at the Regent Theatre, at the end of April. "Cosi Fan Tutte" is to be given two nights a week, with "The Immortal Hour" on the remaining nights; but, if it finds favour with the public, it will no doubt supersede "The Immortal Hour."
Whether "Cosi Fan Tutte" pleases or not will depend entirely upon the production. Although it is not one of Mozart's best-known opėras, it is full of the most exquisite music, and could not fail to draw if properly done. But, like all Mozart's operas, it needs infinite pains taken in rehearsing, and quite exceptional singers. Wagner's operas can make their effect shouted through voices little better than fog-horns; Mozart's cannot. A singer that can do justice to Mozart has reached the topmost pinnacle of his art; he has nothing more to learn. Further, a perfection of ensemble and a general musicianship and polish are needed which are far beyond the reach of the average conductor. For these reasons I await Mr. Barry Jackson's production of "Cosi Fan Tutte" with considerable nervousness; but we must hope for the best, and trust that Mr. Barry Jackson will be well served, for if "Cosi Fan

Tutte" is a success, he will no doubt be encouraged to embark upon a season of light opera at the Regent Theatre. The extraordinary success of the Gilbert and Sullivan seasons shows that there is an enormous public for light opera, and there would be no difficulty in finding half-a-dozen first-rate light operas to follow "Cosi Fan Tutte" if necessary. W. J. Turner.



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Lizard skin made a triumphal

Fashions and Fancies.

The dividing line between spring New Modes and summer is so faint that the delightful hats which are now in Millinery. gaily filling the shop windows will serve the purposes of both seasons admirably. The trio on this page are of both seasons admirably. The trio on this particularly attractive illustrations of the modes. They may be studied in the salons of Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The close-fitting shape above is carried out in brown pedal straw, ornamented with quaint fans of tartan ribbon; while the distinctive toque below is made of reversible moiré and satin ribbon, the wide loops being held in place by circular motifs of sequins. With really summery toilettes, Bangkoks in lovely colourings and adorned with beautiful scarves will be worn chiefly, and Gorringe's have a wonderful choice, ranging from 63s. upwards. Then useful little river and seaside hats in fine picot tagel straw are from 14s. 9d. upwards, expressed in every shape and hue; and the fascinating new hats of raffia worked in gaily-coloured bass are only £1 1s.

Feathered Hats for 14s. 6d.

No one should fail to seize the opportunity of seeing at Gorringe's the attractive little feather hat pictured on the extreme right. can be secured for the astounding price of 14s. 6d., and is obtainable in several shades. Then there is a coming turban shape, completed with two wings, for 9s. 11d.; and a distinctive model in scarlet with discreet touches black for 25s. 6d. It has the fashionable turned-up brim, curving down to one side, where it is completed with an amusing tuft of scarlet plumes.

This "chic" little toque, sponsored by Gorringe's, is of reversible satin and moiré ribbon, ornamented with motifs of glittering sequins.

Hats of Lizard and Leather.

début not long ago in the form of shoes, and now it is being utilised by Dame Fashion for hats, with equally successful results. These hats are simply ideal for country or sports wear, as they clean very easily and al-ways look distinc-tive. At Burberrys', Haymarket, S.W., there are many attractive examples, some plain, others faced with kid, or a third variety is in leather bound with lizard. Another novelty to be seen in these salons is the hats of butter-

> feather, and

and pre-sent the appearance of beautiful metal brocade The larger items of the wardrobe-i.e., travelling wraps, coats and skirts and sports outfits of every description (some of which are pictured on page 758) are, of course, a speciality of this firm, whose perfect tailoring is a byword. It must also be noted that Burberrys are making a special feature of coats and suits in their famous weatherproof material, Solgardine, for children as well as grown-ups.

A delightfully simple Spring and Summer Fashions. way of appreciating to the full the many whims of this season's fashions is to

Quaint fans of

altractive

study carefully the well-illustrated catalogue recently issued by Gooch's, Brompton Road, S.W. It will be sent

gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. There is a graceful coat of fine repp, cut with the fashionable tiered front, for 4½ guineas, in several shades; and one of the new jumper suits in summerweight wool marocain, completed with demure Peter Pan cuffs and collar, is only £5 15s. 6d. Well-cut overblouses range from 19s. 6d., destined to be worn with plain tailleurs, which are from 6 guineas; and there is a delightful frock and cape of knitted wool and silk for 94s. 6d., completed with quaint pockets. Many completed with quaint pockets. Many pages of the catalogue are devoted to lingerie, shoes, and children's outfits, so that the needs of the whole family may be comfortably studied at

one's leisure.

Novelty of the Week.

Practical tennis frocks of pure Irish linen, adorned with pretty hemstitched designs, are obtainable for 28s. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address of the firm where they are available.

Pretty Wrappers.

Directly the warm weather arrives pretty wrappers are of topical interest, so no apology is necessary for drawing attention to those in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. Much to Regent

be desired are those of Kanko crèpe, which, although they are lined with Japanese silk, are 39s. 6d., while those of heavy Shantung are 33s. There is also an infinite variety of cotton crèpe kimonos for 12s. 9d.

tartan ribbon decorate the

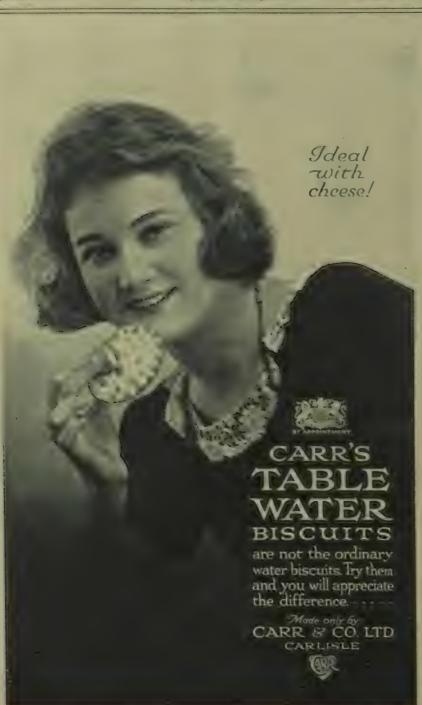
toque of brown pedal straw above;

while the becoming cloche on the right is carried

out in shaded feathers. Sketched at Gorringe's,

Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.









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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

One of the chief uncertainties Standardised of car ownership is the cost of Repair Charges. repairs and overhauls, which vary very considerably according to the ideas of the repairer and, it should in justice be said, to his know-



MOTORING IN ROB ROY'S COUNTRY: A 12-40-H.P. ALVIS CAR BESIDE THE LOCH AT INVERSNAID, WITH THE SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS OF DUMBARTONSHIRE BEYOND.

ledge of his business. Obviously, it is better to pay more for a satisfactory job than to go to a low-priced car-butcher who is gaining his experience at the cost of his customer. From time to time efforts have been made in the direction of standardisation of repair charges, but hitherto without much success, because it is manifest that in the case of one car the cost of renewing, let us say, a clutch-lining may be almost negligible on account of the accessibility of that member; while in another it may approach extravagance, because of the amount of time expended in getting at it. I have in mind an old-time car, and a very good one at that, in which the cost of a new clutch-spring was 3s. 9d., but the labour involved in fitting it meant a charge of about £7-and that was before the war. I do not think, for these reasons, that it is possible to standardise repair charges generally; but it ought to be easy for manufacturers themselves to lay down at least approximate costs

in the case of their own cars. Of course, many of them practically do this in those cases where their cars are repaired in their own works; but it has been left to that very enterprising concern, Morris Motors, Ltd., to issue a standardised list of such charges, irrespective of where the work is to be done.

The list covers seventy - nine detail

each with its own price - which, it may be said, seems extraordinarily moderate. These prices are fixed, hard and fast, so far as concerns any authorised dealer in Morris cars; so the owner of a Morris knows exactly what any particular job on his car is going to cost him. The example is one which I commend to other manufacturing firms whose cars have a sufficient vogue to make possible similar standardisation.

America Follows
England's Lead.

by the AngloAmerican Oil Company and others in removing roadside signs in this country has had a far-reaching effect: fourteen

States have now pledged themselves to abolish highway bill-boards. who are familiar with the American highway will readily

appreciate what this means, as roadside advertising in the United States was commencing to assume such proportions as to constitute a serious menace to the American countryside — even greater than in this country, where, if the movement to remove such signs is conscientiously observed, the public will in the near future be spared the annoyance and irritation of having glaring notices obtruding upon their vision when travelling through the country. Why not put a heavy tax on all such disfiguring boards and hoardings in urban areas? It might be made so high as to be practically prohibitive-which would be better still.

For those people possessed of Link with Old Link with Old Sentiment progress is often tinged with regret. Consequently, when the reconstruction of the West End of London, including the rebuilding of Regent S reet, the widening of Glasshouse Street, and alterations to Warwick Street, were started after the war, many familiar landmarks of Old London vanished, to the chagrin of many Londoners. Perhaps no old haunt disappeared with more reluctance than the old eatingplace of the literary and learned, the Sceptre, at 5, Warwick Street, which runs immediately behind Regent Street, The Sceptre was one of the last survivors of the many whimsical "chop-houses" of literary and artistic associations. This eighteenthcentury building was a well-known link with the literary giants of Queen Victoria's reign, boasting among its customers Thackeray and Dickens, and later such notabilities as Augustus John, Epstein, Benson (the "Jubilee Plunger"), Frank Moran, G. K. Chesterton, and R. C. Woodville. It was here Dickens is said to have written part of the "Sketches by Boz." Those to whom the spot was familiar may be interested to hear of its reopening, not, it is true, as a chop-house to serve the "inner man," but man in a different need-as a motor-car show-



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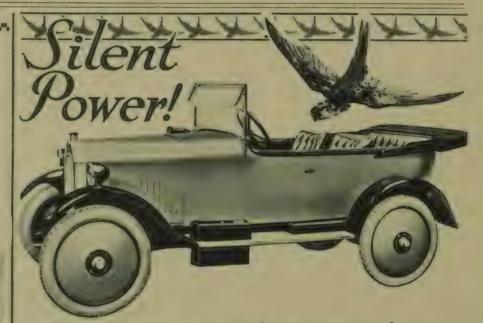
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Although the outward appearance has been altered, the old features have been retained. lease of the greater part of the building has been secured by Messrs, N. L. R. Easton, Ltd., authorised London dealers for Messrs. General Motors' productsthat is to say, Buick, Chevrolet, and Oakland cars

A Useful Lubrication Guide.

The Shell Company announce that their Super-Shell motor oil, the success of which in motorracing and aviation events has

been without precedent, is now available to the general public, and is being sold in "golden" cans at leading garages throughout the country. It is claimed that Super-Shell oil represents as great an advance in motor lubrication as did the four-cylinder engine in motor design, the electrical equipment in car lighting and starting, or the advent of four-wheel brakes. It embodies important new properties, recently developed in the Shell laboratories, which, it is submitted, assure more power, better acceleration, lower petrol-consumption, and easier starting. The Shell Company have published a "Lubrication Guide," which every motor-owner should possess. A copy will be sent post-free upon application to Shell-Mex, Ltd., Motor Oils Department, Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2

Clothed in an attractive blue Gwynne cover, a new list descriptive of Catalogue. In the first part the famous "G. 8" is described in admirable detail, with suitable illustrations; the specification is a useful bit of summary, showing at a glance points required for ready reference; and the section is completed with a brilliant list of successes in various competitions. Part two is devoted to the "G. 14," and, though less elaborate, is still very informative. Two models are available, and frontwheel brakes can be fitted as an extra. Copies may be obtained from all Gwynne agents, a steadily increasing band; or from the manufacturers, Church Wharf, Chiswick, W.4. The new 8-h.p. four-seater, with folding seat and full equipment, has impressed

The Grand Prix for 11-litre Sunbeam Marine boats at the recent Cannes motor-Successes. boat race meeting was won by Mr. Gordon Bolton's British boat, Miss Empire II., propelled by a Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq engine. In the kilometre race for 11-litre boats, the winner was

all who have seen it

Captain Woolf Barnato's Ardenrun II., which is fitted with a Sunbeam engine. This was a very strenuous race, both the Italian and one of the French boats failing to finish the course because of the rough sea. In the ten-kilometre race on the following day, Ardenrun II. was second.



ORGANISER OF THE EMPIRE BALL: MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

Miss Olga Nethersole is Hon. Organiser of the Empire Ball, in aid of the People's League of Health, to be held on April 30 at The Hill, Hampstead (lent for the occasion by Lord Leverhulme). There will be a Costume Pageant, with prizes for the best costumes illustrative of the British Empire. The King is the Patron of the People's League of Health, and the ball is under the immediate patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York .- | Photograph by Claude Harris. |

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OUR NELL." AT THE GAIETY

T is an odd thing to say of a piece which has Nell Gwynne for heroine, but the strong point of the Gaiety's new musical play, "Our Nell," is certainly not its humour. There are other recom-mendations, of course. Its librettists, its lyricwriter, its composers are as British as its leading character. Its Whitehall and Chelsea scenes are made gay with colour. Its score, to which both Mr. Fraser Simson and Mr. Ivor Novello have contributed, is pleasantly tuneful, and can boast a patriotic ditty, "Our England," which is sure to take the town by storm. There is an excellent cast of actors, quite apart from vocalists. Finally, out of consideration for the feelings of Miss José Collins' host of admirers, who would be very unhappy were their favourite asked to represent a character of dubious virtue, Mr. Louis Parker has subjected Nell Gwynne to a whole pail of whitewash. But as this Nell sings admirably, and looks a handsome, saucy creature, who cares-at the Gaiety? Miss Collins is unsparing of effort; she has good vocal help from Mr. Robert Michaelis; Mr. Arthur Wontner realises to perfection the popular idea of Charles-really not over-merry a monarch; and there is a most telling little sketch of a crippled soldier supplied by Mr. Reginald Bach. If Mr. Walter Passmore and Mr. Miles Malleson supply rather mild comic relief at present, they are not to blame. Fun, it seems to have been argued, was assured with the engagement of two first-rate comedians. This is not enough, however; the sooner Mr. Passmore and his colleague are called in to collaborate with the authors, the better.

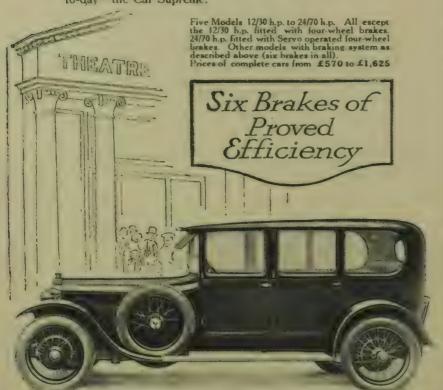
"CARTOONS," AT THE CRITERION.

Every lover of sport and devotee of humour reserves a warm corner in his heart for Tom Webster; and, as each year's great sporting events come round, we turn to his caricatures, sure that he will find some fresh matter for fun. In print they are in their right place: their charm being their economy of line, and their delicate suggestion of the grotesque. Transferred to the stage they suffer somewhat, used as the stuff of a revue. They have to be over-elaborated and there is the possibility of having too much of a good thing. Still, a "Tom Webster" revue is certainly something of a novelty, and "Cartoons" is not wholly dependent on the inspiration of the cartoonist. Miss Cicely Debenham is, as usual, full of vivacity; and Mr. Morris Harvey does good service, both as collaborator and as actor.

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No one who has driven a Sunbeam car equipped with Sunbeam four-wheel brakes will ever-willingly-go back to a car which is braked through the rear wheels only. The introduction of four-wheel brakes, of such proved reliability as those incorporated in the Sunbeam system, is one of the most progressive steps in the history of automobile design.

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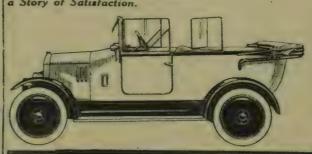
66 HELLO, kiddies! All ready for a joy-ride? Where's Mother? Getting out the rugs! Run along and tell her not to bother, you'll all be warm emough in the SINGER behind those sidescreens. No need to wrap up. Yes, old man! The kiddies love the ear; they look forward to a run with us, and no wonder. It brings the colour to their checks, and as for appetites, well, I think they'll eat us out of house and home. We're all going in the SINGER on our summer holidays in July, costs no more than rail and infinitely nicer. No tears this year! As you know, I haven't got a mint of money, but I came to the conclusion that I could afford motoring with a SINGER. I had ample proof of that from the Agent. She's a car with a name, sound, reliable, plenty of power and plenty of room for five of us—and most important of all, very economical. I average 35 to 40 mp.g.f.regularly, and with a reputation like the SINGER I don't anticipate any repair bills. That's what a family man like me has to consider. An optimist can always hope for the best, but I recken I assured it by selecting a SINGER. This is the 10 h.p., 'De Luxe' Four-Scater Model at £235, you couldn't get a better family ear at anywhere mean the price. In fact their whole range of models stand supreme for value. There's the 'Popular' Two-Seater, with dickey seat, for £200; or if you want a closed car, there's the Weymann Saloon at £275, the most wonderful value I've ever seen."

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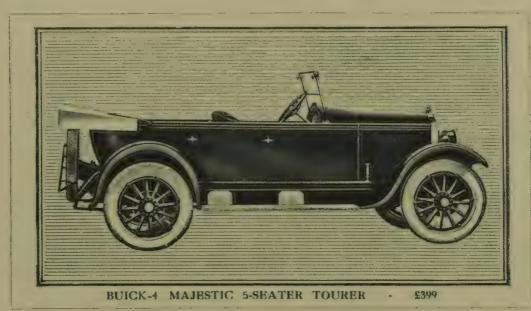
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CHESS.

10 Correspondents,—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Edstor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

John Ransford (Ontario).—Your solution of No. 3927 speaks of keen observation on your part, and was, strange to say, missed by nearly all our regular correspondents. It might, however, have occurred to you that such an unusual reversal of the conventional sides of the board was a mistake, and the problem should be studied under normal conditions. That is, at least, how all our expert solvers treated it.

Herve Bourbeau (Montreal).—We are perfectly familiar with all the abbreviations you mention; but you forget, as far as we are concerned, there is a tradition to be maintained which goes back for three-quarters of a century.

C. R. B. Sumner (Twyford School).—We were sorry to find, almost too late, a second solution to the two-mover of yours we have had in hand some time. Look at: r. P to Q 8th (becomes Kt and checks).

J E HOUSEMAN (Chicoutimi).—Thanks for your very kind and appreciative letter. In No. 3925 you have overmarched your Queen 100 per cent.

Queen 100 per cent.

Joseph T Bunting (Secane, Pa., U.S.A.).—It is always a pleasure to receive your kindly letters. As regards solutions, you are usually so accurate that to see you go astray in No. 3925 gave one a shock. Your experience at the New York Congress must have been very interesting; but from what we have seen of the games, a more exhibitrating pastime seems imaginable.

J McRobert (Crosgar).—If you have any unpublished problems, we shall be pleased to consider them.

Sinon Costikyan (New York).—The problem you submit is too elementary for our use; let us see your more elaborate compositions. Problems received with thanks from R W Hill (Melbourne), R B N (Tewkesbury), E Boswell (Lancaster), and C C W Sumner (Childon), all of which shall be examined and reported upon in due course.

Although Norway has not yet produced a chess-player who can be ranked amongst the champions of the game, it has possessed many problem composers of international reputation, and, in the person of Mr. Johan Scheel especially, one whose fame has travelled far and wide. The Christiania Chess Club, in celebration of its fortieth anniversary, has just published a selection of his work, the volume containing which ("Johan Scheel, 200 Schakopgaver") is now before us. The problems themselves belong mainly to the Bohemian school of composition, in which the mating positions count for so much, and the strategical movements for so little. The consequence is that the majority of them are solved with an uninteresting key, followed by a variety of checks for the second move; but with surprising final effects that make it sometimes quite a task to discover how the mate is given. Of course, a composer of Mr. Scheel's genius cannot always endure the limitations of his school, and he occasionally gives us a charming coup-de-repos as the starting point of a solution; but his delight in a bewildering variety of mating nets cannot be repressed, and it is by his skill in this direction that he must be judged. The collection must rank as a typical representative of Bohemian influence on the problem art, and should be in the possession of every student who wishes to keep abreast with the times. A word must be said in praise of the production of the book. To a Scandinavian introduction a very excellent English translation is appended, while the diagrams are printed with beautiful clearness, and the editing is of a character that reflects the greatest credit on Mr. C. C. Christiansen, who is apparently responsible for the outward form of the work.

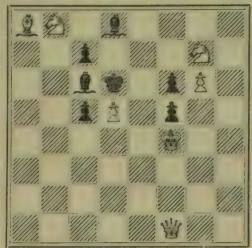
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3928.—BY E. G. B. BARLOW.

1. K to K 5th
2. Mates accordingly.

Anything.

Another pleasing two-mover which has earned many compliments from our solvers. From a critical point of view, its weakness is that the R at R sq has obviously no functions where it stands, and therefore must be played somewhere. The rest too quickly follows.

PROBLEM No. 3930.-By T. K. WIGAN. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF No. 3922 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3925 from F B Horton (Seattle), and H Heshmat (Cairo); of No. 3926 from Joseph T Bunting (Secane, Pa., U.S.A.); of No. 3927 from Rev. A D Meares (Baltimore), Herve Bourbeau (Montreal), Arthur Elson (Boston, U.S.A.), Joseph T Bunting (Secane), and John Ransford (Ontario); and of No. 3928 from M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), F J Fallwell (Caterham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), Miss D Gale (Thornton Heath), E M Vicars (Norfolk), A Edmeston (Worsley), Councillor J T Palmer (Church), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF No. 3929 received from J P Smith (Cricklewood), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

Owing to holiday arrangements, we had to go to press before

Owing to holiday arrangements, we had to go to press before the usual batch of solvers' letters had come to hand. They will all be acknowledged in our next issue.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament, at New York. between Señor CAPABLANCA and Dr. LASKER.

(Queen's Paun Opening.)

WHITE (Sr. C.) BLACK (Dr. L.) | WHITE (Sr. C.) BLACK (Dr. L.) r. P to Q 4th K Kt to B 3rd 2. P to Q B 4th P to B 3rd 3. Q Kt to B 3rd P to Q 4th 4. P takes P

With the apparent intention of simplifying the game.

4. P takes P
5. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
6. B to B 4th P to K 3rd
7. P to K 3rd B to K 2nd
8. B to Q 3rd Castles
9. Castles K Kt to R 4th
P to B 4th

Better than P to B 3rd, but creating a certain element of weakness in Black's centre that makes itself felt a little later on.

11. R to B sq Kt to B 3rd 12. B takes Kt P takes B 13. Kt to R 4th K to R sq 14. P to B 4th R to Kt sq

The open file with its oppor-tunities of attack is perhaps rightly seized, but the cost begins to show itself in the King's uncomfortable position.

15. R to B 3rd 16. R to R 3rd 17. P to R 3rd 18. R to Kt 3rd 19. P takes R 20. K to B 2rd 21. Q to B 3rd B to Q 2nd
B to K sq
R to Kt 2nd
R takes R
R to B sq
Kt to R 4th
Kt to B 5th 22. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q 3rd
23. R to K R sq Kt to K 5th (ch)
24. B takes Kt B P takes B

White is now left with the theoretic inferiority of two Knights against two Bishops; while, on the other hand, he has in compensation a well-contained position, either for attack or defence.

25. Q to Kt 4th .P to B 4th 26. R'Kt takes P

An unexpected, but perfectly sound, sacrifice, for which he obtains more than an equivalent in material and attack.

in material and attack.

26. Ptakes Kt
27. Q takes P Pto K R 4th
28. Pto K Kt, 4th R to B 3rd
29. Pto Kt 5th K to Kt sq
30. Kt takes Q P B to B 2nd
31. Kt tks B (ch) Q takes Kt
32. Pto K Kt, 4th Ptakes P
33. Q to R 7th (ch) K to B sq
34. R to R 6th B to Kt sq
35. Q to B 5th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
36. R takes R Ptakes R
37. K to Kt 3rd Q to K 3rd
38. K takes P Q takes Q (ch)
39. K takes Q and wins.

Black's Bishoo can make n

Black's Bishop can make no fight against White's three surplus Pawns; and, although the game lasted a few more moves, it might fitly have ended here.

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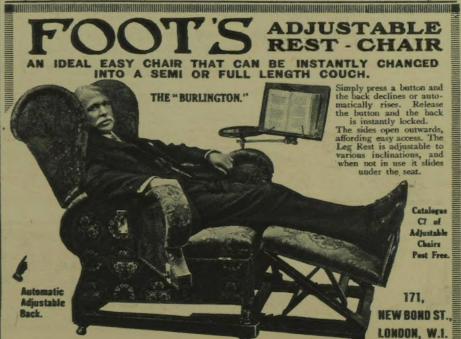
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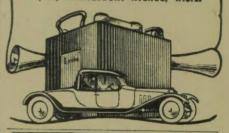
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